

Captain Mayne Reid writes exclusively for the New York Saturday Journal.

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No. 98.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

BY ST. ELMO.

Cradled amid the wrath of angry storms,
With fever surging through my aching brain,
And madness, with its ever-changing forms,
Trying to wrench me to its arms again.
Why should I seek to draw the veil aside,
And bring to light once more my chequer'd life?
Borne on the waves of Death's dark, sluggish tide,
I hoped to pass beyond this world of strife.
But, from the vista of my early years,
A dream of happiness too quickly fled,
Like some sweet angel, who at first appears,
Then vanishes, with light and airy tread.
I seem to roam once more amid those aisles,
Beneath the dark and verdant forest shade,
And see again those bright and loving smiles
That lured me to the side of Marie Vade.
And now, while passing to that unknown shore,
Across the storm-tossed, tempest-driven waves,
Could I but see those light-blue eyes once more,
I could sink peaceful to the place of graves.
Yes, far across the shimmering moonbeams' light,
Bridging the space between us, cold and chill,
A spirit clothed in garments spotless white,
Causes my wayward heart to strangely thrill.
And I must float across that dreary space,
Into those realms of unknown mystery,
Where dwell departed spirits of a race
That long ago have passed the azure sea.
What matters it, for life is dark and drear,
And naught save mis'ry will ever come again,
The parting shock I know will be severe,
But then the future shadows blinding pain.
Could I but feel her kiss upon my brow,
Perhaps 'twould call me back into this life;
But no, such thoughts to me are mad'ning now,
For ah, another claims her for his wife.
My brain grows darker; ah, can this be death?
Why should I hesitate to stem the tide
That soon will waft my feeble, dying breath,
Across the waves unto the further side?
And it is best that I should calmly die,
While all things holy doth my bosom swell,
Mix'd with sweet thoughts of her for whom I sigh,
And fondly offer this, my last farewell.

Capt. Mayne Reid.

THIS world-noted author was born in the north of Ireland, A. D. 1818. His father, a Protestant clergyman, intended him for the ministry, and educated him accordingly; but, as "no man knows where he is," so the spirit within the young student's breast rebelled, and, borne on by the spirit of unrest which makes men great travelers, he suddenly abandoned books for the pilgrim's staff, and, much to his good father's chagrin, struck out for the New World. In the year 1838 he reached New Orleans, and from thence, for the succeeding five years, he made expeditions into the wild Indian country around the headwaters of the Red River of the South and the Arkansas. Then it was, as hunter, trapper, adventurer and scout, that the daring and irrepressible young man became familiar with Indian and border character and life, and gathered the material of his future work.

This exciting and novel life was succeeded by five years of travel through all our Southern, Western and Northern States, immeasurably widening his circle of acquaintance, and adding to the rich stores of his knowledge of our wide-awake and peculiar civilization. Then he settled down in Philadelphia, to commence that career of authorship which has since brought him so much honor, and he produced considerable matter in the shape of tales, sketches, essays, descriptive, etc., which found great acceptance with the press of New York and Philadelphia.

When the Mexican war broke out, Reid's spirit of adventure once more gained the mastery, and, in 1846, entering the volunteer army of invasion as lieutenant, he served, with great honor to himself and his adopted country, throughout the entire campaign—in many engagements, made a splendid record of personal bravery at the last grand assault on the city of Mexico, was mentioned in Scott's Report, and quitted the service under a captain's commission, and with a wound which ever after gave him trouble and pain, culminating finally in his utter prostration in the latter part of the year 1870.

In 1849 Captain Reid enlisted a company of brave spirits in the cause of Hungarian Independence, and, in July, 1849, sailed with them from New York bound for the field of conflict. Reaching Paris in August, he there learned of the defeat of the Hungarian Army of the South, August 6th, and then of the surrender of the army under George, August 14th, by which all hope of the independence of Hungary was extinguished.

Capt. Reid then settled in London, and there entered upon his career of authorship in earnest. He produced, in rapid succession, his "Scalp Hunters," "Desert Home," "Boy Hunters," "Young Voyageurs," "Forest Exiles," "White Chief," "Quadrone," "War Trail," etc., etc., all of which created an immense sensation, and were read by young and old with unceasing delight. All these works, and others not named, were reproduced on this side of the ocean and had an extraordinary circulation, from which the author received no benefit whatever, for, being an Englishman born, he had no citizenship here which could protect his property rights in his books—a wrong which an act of our National Congress ultimately corrected by giving to all foreign-born persons, who had served with honor in our armies, the full rights of citizens. Under this act Captain Reid is now able to control the publication of his works on both sides of the Atlantic.

The success of this writer has never paled; with increasing labor he has won increased honors, and to-day he stands foremost in popularity among living authors.

Retraining to this country in 1868, Captain Reid entered upon a large literary enterprise, which was arrested by the event already re-



CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

[FROM A LATE LONDON PHOTOGRAPH.]

Author of "Tracked to Death; or, the Last Shot," commenced in No. 97 of the Saturday Journal. Also author of the "Scalp Hunters," "Helpless Hand," "Lone Rancho," etc., etc.

ferred to—the breaking down of his health, his old Mexican war wound being a provoking cause. He has, however, so far regained his strength and renewed his old spirit, as to recommence his labors; and, as a first fruit, we have the truly splendid serial, TRACKED TO DEATH, now running through the columns of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, and wherein alone it will appear in this country. That the enchanter has lost none of his power, the chapters already given will abundantly testify. It will be, it is fair to assume, read with more interest, and by a larger audience than ever, in this country, attended the serial publication of a romance of its nature.

In presenting this portrait of the author we answer a popular demand that could hardly be resisted. It is a very authentic likeness, taken recently in London, and forwarded to us, at our special request, for this reproduction.

Captain Reid, of course, will continue to write for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, and we hope to lay before his almost countless readers, old and young, in due time, the future works of his hand.

Tracked to Death: OR, THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,
AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANCHO,"
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," ETC.

SYNOPSIS.—The author, in a prologue, which constitutes Chapter I, presents us a picture almost of appalling interest—that of a man's head, apparently seated upon the ground—nothing but a head, all the body being buried out of sight; and around the head hovers a troop of the gray wolves of the Texan prairies, snapping and snarling, as if eager to seize the victim, yet deterred by the flashing eye, and the still unpaired voice of the man. And, overhead, sail and soar, and swoop, a flock of vultures, also fierce for their prey, yet kept at bay both by the wolves and by those flaming eyes. Alone on the plains—not a solitary living thing in sight, save that living head, and the wolves and the vultures! It is a picture not to be forgotten. Who is the man buried alive there? How came he there?

The author leaves it for the story to reveal. Few authors but Captain Mayne Reid could have given such presentation. It is just such conceptions which have secured him his great fame, and created the interest in him, personally, which we answer, in this issue, by devoting the first page illustration to this fine, full-length portrait of the man, and the quite complete sketch of his life—necessarily absorbing much space; but, in succeeding issues, the romance will be continued in regular installments.

Succeeding chapters introduce us to two planters, near Natchez: one, Archibald Armstrong, a Southerner born, of ideas of hospitality and liberality to guests, friends and slaves alike, which can but end in his monetary ruin. The other, a New Englander, Ephraim Darke, is Armstrong's neighbor, but his very contrast in character—a cruel, sordid, grasping man, with a grown-up son as cruel and base in his tastes and instincts as such a parent could wish.

With the fortunes of these two families the story is chiefly involved. The son makes suit for the hand of one of Armstrong's two lovely daughters, but is repulsed with some scorn. Then father and son bring in play their power—that of a mortgage which they hold on Armstrong's plantation, hoping, by threatening its foreclosure, to force the planter to compel his daughter to accept the offered alliance. The father will not do. He resolves, without much hesitancy, to give up all, and seek a new home, with his devoted children, in Texas.

A taste of the author's quality is given in a chapter devoted to a negro-hunt, for which he has a special taste. His father's slaves, goaded to desperation by their cruel usage, are frequently running away, seeking refuge in the vast cypress swamp near at hand. Out of this young Richard Darke drives them with dogs and gun, and thus obtains the considerable reward which his father offers for their recapture. A very sagacious slave, Jupiter, is among the missing, and the hunt for him is detailed. Foiled in getting on the fugitive's track, young Darke watches Jule, the maid of Miss Armstrong. This girl, who is deeply devoted to her mistress, is betrothed to Jupiter, and, it is supposed, well knows his hiding-place. So she is watched and followed one day, to the confines of the swamp; but, instead of meeting Jupiter, she simply deposits a letter in a tree, and then returns home. This letter, which contains a *carte-de-visite*, Dick Darke secures, and its reading excites him to a terrible burst of passion, and calls forth from his firm-set lips threats of vengeance, deep and bitter.

CHAPTER V. THE DEATH-SHOT.

THERE was no warning—not a word. The shot came from behind. Clancy felt a stinging sensation in his left arm, like the touch of red-hot iron, or a drop of scalding water. But for the crack coming after, he would not have known that he had been hit by a bullet.

The wound—a mere skin-scratch—did not disable him. Like a tiger stung by javelin, he was round in an instant, ready to return the fire.

There was no one in sight.

The report was that of a smooth-bore—a fowling-piece loaded with ball. A conclusion, quickly drawn, hindered him from having any conjecture as to why the shot was fired, or who fired it. He was not traveling on a road frequented by robbers, but through a track of timber in the Mississippi Bottom. He knew it was an attempt to assassinate him; and that there was but one in the world capable of the dastardly deed. Richard Darke was in his thoughts, as if the crack of the gun had been some one pronouncing the name.

Clancy's eyes, flashing angrily, interro-

gated the forest. The trees stood thick, the spaces between shadowy and somber. It was a forest of the swamp-cypress, and the hour twilight.

He could see nothing but the tree-trunks, their branches garlanded with the ghostly Spanish moss, here and there draping them to the ground. It baffled him—its gray festoonery having a resemblance to ascending smoke. He was looking for the smoke of the shot.

He could see none. It must have puffed up suddenly to the tree-tops, mingling with the mist.

It did not matter much. Neither the darkness nor the close-standing trunks hindered his dog, a large stag-hound, from discovering the whereabouts of the would-be assassin. Giving a yelp, the dog sprang out, and off. At twenty paces distant he brought up by the trunk of a tree, where he stood baying, as if a bear were behind it. It was a huge cypress, buttressed on all sides with "knees," full six feet in height, rising around it. In the obscurity, they might have been mistaken for men.

Clancy was soon aware of them, and saw, standing between two of the pillars, the man who had made the attempt to murder him.

There could be no question about the intent. The stinging sensation in his shoulder, with the blood streaming from his finger-tips, proved the act. The motive was mutually understood.

The cowardly design was too palpable to need any explanation. Clancy called for none. His rifle was already cocked, and quick upon the identification of his adversary, raised to his shoulder.

"Assassin!" he cried. "You've had the first shot. It's my turn now."

As he spoke his finger pressed the trigger, and the bullet sped.

Darke, on seeing himself discovered, had leaped from his lurking place, to obtain more freedom of action. The buttresses hindered him from having elbow-room. He also had raised his gun—a double-barrel—but thinking it too late, instead of pulling the trigger, he lowered the piece, and dodged behind the tree. He was lithe as a lynx, and his movement, almost simultaneous with Clancy's shot, was enough before it to save him. The ball passed through the skirt of his coat, and buried itself in the soft bark of the cypress.

He sprang out again with a shout of triumph, his gun cocked and ready.

Deliberately raising the piece to his shoulder, for he was now sure of his victim, he said, in a derisive tone:

"You're a clumsy fool, Charles Clancy, and a poor marksman, too, to miss a man not six feet from the muzzle of your gun! I shall miss you at the distance. Shot for shot's fair play. I've had the first, and I'll have the last! Now for your death-shot."

As he shouted the words, a fiery jet streamed from his double barrel. For the moment Clancy was invisible—the subtle smoke forming a nimbus around him. When it ascended, he was seen prostrate upon the earth, a stream of blood gushing from his breast, that had already saturated his shirt. He appeared to be writhing in his death-agony.

He must have thought so himself, from the words that came faintly through his lips, in slow, choking utterance.

"May God forgive you for this—Dick Darke—you have murdered me!"

"I meant to do it," was the unflinching response.

"Oh! cruel wretch—why—why?"

"Bah! you know the why, well enough. Helen Armstrong, if you like. After all, it wasn't that made me kill you, but your cursed impudence to think you stood a chance with her. You didn't. She never cared a straw for you. I've got the proof here. Perhaps, before going off, it may be a consolation for you to know she never did. Since it's not likely you'll ever see her again, it may give you a pleasure to look at her likeness. Here it is—a *carte-de-visite*. The dear girl, she sent one this morning, with her photograph attached, as you see. I think it an excellent likeness, what say you? You will no doubt give an unbiased opinion? A man in your fix is apt to speak truthfully."

The ruffian held the photograph before the eyes of the dying man. They were growing dim, but only death itself could have dimmed them, so as not to see that sun-painted picture—the portrait of the woman he loved.

He gazed upon it lovingly, but not long, for the inscription claimed his attention. In it he recognized a hand-writing already known to him. The fear of death itself was naught to the despair that crept through his soul, as, with fast-flicking eyes, he deciphered the words:

"Helen Armstrong—for him she loves."

The picture was in the possession of Richard Darke. To him, then, had the sweet words been addressed.

"The dear girl!" repeated the assassin, pouring the bitter words into his victim's ear. "She sent it me this very morning. Come, now, Clancy! tell me what you think of the likeness?"

There was no response, neither by word, look or gesture. Clancy's lips were mute; his eyes glassed over; his body motionless, as the mud on which he lay.

"The fiends take him!—he's dead!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 97.)

The Flaming Talisman:

OR,
THE UNFULFILLED VOW.

BY A. F. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "THE BLACK CRESCENT," "HOODWINKED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A QUEER LADDER.

"Is there no god?" (Chris. Crewly) "to befriend?"

No power to avert his miserable end?"

POPE'S HOMER.

As Meg Semper sprang toward the closet, Nemil closed the door behind him.

He saw a disturbance in prospect, and wished to confine the inevitable noise to the one room.

With a wailing and a jerk, Meg tore open the closet door, uttering a howl at the same time—for something whizzed in her face—something sharp struck her in the mouth, and she felt the warm blood oozing from a frightful gash.

It was the white umbrella. It shot out and hit its mark before a movement could be made to avoid it. Simultaneously, with her howl, Christopher Crewly vented a defiant yell on high, and with hair half-standing in nervous excitement, dashed forward.

"Look out!" he cried, as the hag staggered back before the terrific blow. "Dangerous, I am! Chris. Crewly—yours forever, much! Tascals, both—ha!"

Whizz-z-z! circled the umbrella, quick as lightning-streaks, and the lawyer darted and danced about, as if a glowing coal was in each foot.

Meg Semper, with a fearful oath, leaped at him, her glistering knife-blade cutting the air in flashing circles as she had tried to reach him.

The contest was only between the hag and Crewly; Nemil biding his time, and gathering his enormous strength for an opportune moment, when he could throw himself upon the lawyer.

Whizz-z-z! went the umbrella, and whizz-z-z! went the knife from Meg's hand. Bestowing a whack upon her head, he turned to escape. But, quick and firm, two brawny arms glided around him, and the African laughed, gutturally, as he pinioned him, and held him like a vice.

Many of our readers have seen the lawyer in a fight, on a previous occasion, and those who have, know that he was supple, active, strong and courageous; but now he wriggled, twisted and kicked in vain, to release himself from the giant grip of his antagonist.

"Be quick! Meg Semper!" growled Nemil, frowning, when he discovered that he was not dealing with an ordinary man.

"Quick, I say! bind his feet!"

Meg snatched up a piece of clothes-line that lay near, and started to obey the order. She was met, half-way, by a terrible kick, that sent her sprawling to the floor; and Crewly's face reddened, his veins swelled as he redoubled his frantic struggles.

Tighter closed the embrace about him; like the deadly coils of a snake, the African's arms locked in on him, and a deeper scowl settled on the black visage.

"Be careful!" the negro snarled. "This man is no baby. Come guardedly."

"Nary baby!" hissed Crewly, as he strained and fought.

Meg gathered herself up, and approached from behind. In a twinkling, the lawyer was slipped around the lawyer's legs, and soon they were firmly bound. Then Nemil jerked him to the floor, and not without a great deal of trouble, turned him face downward.

In this position his hands were tied at his back, and they stood off to view their captive, in triumph.

Chris. Crewly was never so sorely tempted to be blasphemous, as then. But, being a man of strong principle, as well as eccentric spirit, though he might have *thought* some pretty hard things, his teeth were clenched.

Even in that moment of defeat and suspense, his gaze wandered to his umbrella, to see if it was injured.

"Now, then!—now!" screamed Meg, bending over him, with a savage glare in her devilish eyes. "What do you think now, eh? You'll cavedrop! will you? You'll steal into other peoples' homes? And now you're caught! Oh! like a rat in a trap, you're caught! S'pose we kill you, eh? What then? You can't help it—you can't!"

Crewly made a desperate attempt to kick her with his two bound feet, but having had a taste of that thing before, she was wary, and nimbly avoided it.

"I say, you let me up from here!" whined the lawyer, in a doleful voice—so doleful, that it amused the swarthy African, for the frown left his brow, and a broad grin yawned his capacious mouth.

Meg Semper was spiteful in her triumph. She knew that the lawyer must have been a witness to her practice with the knife and ring, and she made him pay a dear price for what he had seen. She pricked him with the sharp point of the knife, hissing the while:

"S'pose I run it into you, eh? S'pose I pierce your heart, eh? What if I cut a vein! Ho! then you'll bleed to death. If I let your blood out, you'll die. Aren't you afraid to die? Take that!" and she scratched him more severely with the needle-like point.

Endurance has its limit. The lawyer had maintained a heroic silence during her brief torture; but, with the last spiteful thrust, he opened his mouth in a prolonged squeal.

The grin on Nemil's face broadened.

"I say, now, look here, you'll spoil my clothes if you punch holes that way. Now, quit—quit! Why don't you quit—a-e-eh?"

Suddenly, Meg clapped a hand over her mouth. If he could squeal, he could, also, cry aloud for help, and this might endanger them.

"Quick, Nemil, that piece of wood yonder—"

"Take this kerchief; it's best," he interrupted, as he saw her intention.

A greasy kerchief was forced into Crewly's mouth, much to his disgust, and under vehement protest. A few turns of the rope, from the jaw to the top of the head, secured the gag; and he nearly choked with the unpleasant morsel.

"Now, what do you wish him?" said Nemil, inquiringly, as they arose from their task.

"Yes—how'll we fix him?" asked the hag.

"I'm already fixed, I think!" groaned Crewly, within himself. "They'll play 'Forty Thieves' with me, presently, no doubt—quarter me, and hang me along the fence, as a warning to burglars! Lord bless me! What a 'box'! And if they knew what brought me here, they'd—"

He interrupted in his mental surmises by an exclamation from the hag.

"The cellar, Nemil!—the cellar! Put him there, and let him rot! We'll soon be away from here—ha!" Again the acute pain from the spider-bite caused her to bow her swollen head, and press her hands against her temples.

"The spider!—the spider!" she moaned, rocking to and fro.

"Spiders!" thought Crewly, as he caught the word. "Lord! are they going to put me in among spiders? There—I'm done for! Spiders? Horrible! Good-by to my cow-case in Richmond—plaintiff will get damages, sure, and I'll die with a ruined reputation!"

"Good," grunted Nemil, to the hag's suggestion. "We'll put him down cellar."

"I know it—I know it!" she howled, in pain. "The nasty thing was poisonous! My veins are on fire! My whole body aches! It will drive me mad! Ten thousand curses upon it!"

"Put water on it, that it may be cool."

"I did; I bathed the wound with ice till my flesh froze. It ached fiercely. Soon I shall be crazy! I feel the fierce twitching of madness at my nerves, even now! Watch me well, or I'll bite you as would a dog!"

He regarded her steadily, for a moment,

and knew that her words were truth. The venom from the spider's fang was eating through her blood; and the heat of excitement was auxiliary to its rapid diffusion.

"Come," he said, "put this meddlesome dog down cellar."

They lifted Crewly, and carried him through the narrow passage beyond the kitchen, thence down a rickety stairway, finally depositing him somewhat roughly in one corner of the cellar.

The expression on Crewly's face, as he found himself dumped in an ash-heap, was comical in its extreme of gravity and despair.

Nemil gave a grunt of satisfaction; and Meg, after shaking her fist threateningly at their captive, followed the negro up-stairs, muttering as she went:

"Now, then, cavedropper! thief! sneak! you'll lie there until the rats, and ants, and worms, and lizards come to feed upon your body! Rot! Rot like a dog that has been put to starve! The world won't miss you!"

The lawyer was left to his reflections; and uncomfortable these reflections were, too, for he believed his captors fully in earnest, and, therefore, saw grim death staring him in the face.

The cellar was very damp—in some places wet, and this, in addition to his feelings, under the circumstances, caused him a shiver.

It was not an actual fear of death that made him so very miserable. A brave man does not fear to die, though he may shudder and hesitate; and elements of courage were not lacking in Crewly's character.

Chris. Crewly had a habit of despairing glance around his prison; "I'm afraid I'm going to bust like a soap-bubble, at last. Here's the unexpected end of Chris. Crewly—if he'd lived longer, which he didn't, he might have known more, which he doesn't; which the same living less, and being cut short before he knew enough to keep out of difficulty, thus forms the sad tale of his most foul and unnatural decease! If I only had a pencil between my teeth, now, I'd try to scribble my epitaph, somehow. Let's see—"

Shifting his position:

"Stranger, pause; in this ash-heap Chris. Crewly has his last lie."

To gain Eternity—

"no, no, no; that won't do—that won't do! Go off with a ruined reputation, sure, if anybody—eh? Hello!" To his infinite astonishment, he drew one hand from behind him and held it in front of his face, viewing it with widened eyes.

How that hand got loose, he could not imagine; nor did he pause to question his miraculous release, but, in a trice, he had torn the gag from his mouth, and freed his limbs.

Ten minutes after the departure of Meg Semper and Nemil, he was striving to and fro, trying to devise means for escape.

At one side was a square window; but this was too small for him to pass through, and, besides, had an iron bar across it.

On the other he ascended the stairway. The door here was fastened securely. At first, he resolved to force it; but, on second thought, he shook his head and glided noiselessly back to the cellar.

"Won't do! If I make a racket, they'll be on me like a regiment of elephants! And that son of Ebon is as strong as seventeen giants!"

As he once again walked up and down across the hard earth floor, a brilliant idea entered his brain. He stopped short; his gaze rested on the chimney-place.

Another moment, and he was looking up the sooty flue, at a little, square patch of bright, blue sky.

"I'll do it!" he exclaimed, jubilantly, while one of those very rare smiles puckered his lips; and, then, relapsing to a sober mood, he added:

"Some people prefer riches and 'clover'; some are content with reason's share of life's goodies. But, as for me—give me a first-class chimney-flue, with the smallest particle of a chance for liberty at the other end of it! If I only had my umbrella, now, I'd be a happy man. And my hat—feeling his cranium—that's lost, too. Chris. Crewly, wake up; you want liberty, and a diabolical vengeance on the destroyers of your wardrobe!" and, as he concluded, he vanished up the chimney.

The task he had undertaken was no easy one; he was without innumerable discouragements.

First, he discovered that the chimney was remarkably small. Next, as he scratched and scraped his way upward, the soot and dust vibrated and settled in a suffocating cloud, causing him to choke, cough, spit and squirm in a desperate search for air.

It was slow work, too. Once, his hold slipped, and he sunk downward a few feet, when, to his dismay, he found himself jammed tight and helpless.

The atmosphere thickened; he was nearly smothered.

"Haugh! Haugh!—ph-e-w-ugh! What'll I do now?" he gasped. "Chris. Crewly, you'd never make a chimney-sweep in the world! Bless me! I'm tight. I'm fastened up! Can't budge an inch—"

Even as he spluttered the words, his long, lank limbs suddenly loosened, and, but for a timely movement, he would have fallen, with a crash, to the bottom.

Again, through the dirt and grime, he began to work his way upward.

"Haugh! Haugh!—ph-e-w-ugh!—who'd ever thought to see me in such a pickle? And, there's my umbrella—haugh!—brel—haugh!—brel—haugh!—and hat gone! Expect I'll find myself choked to death when I get out of this!"

He ventured a glance above him.

"Most up! Courage, Crewly, you vagabond! You're most out."

With many slips, another jam, continued coughing, and occasional words of self-encouragement, the lawyer at last placed his hand on the topmost brick.

"Now, we'll rest a minute," he resolved; and he settled himself, by attractive pressure, to recover breath.

The fresh air just reached him in his cramped position, and he snuffed the welcome draught with pleasure.

But, while thus resting, a most singular idea entered his head.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, in trepidation of mind, what if my pressing in opposite directions, this way, should split the chimney! Crewly—look out!"

He raised himself to the chimney's edge and leaned over. As he did so, he gave vent to a prolonged groan—one that told of new despair.

The roof was a slanting one, and rather steep, and he was at least eight feet above it.

To make that jump, was to incur the risk of life; and Crewly's heart sunk as he realized it.

Cecilia shuddered.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TALISMAN.

"My soul is hushed within me, and a dread Of what I know not, chains mine awe-struck thought."

A STRANGE, unspeakable feeling crept over Orle Deice during the few seconds' stillness that reigned in the room.

Cecilia glanced from one to another of the beauty and the hag, in conjecturing wonder, and her heart palpitated faster and faster. She remembered that once, in company with her father, she had visited an asylum for the insane, and, gazed shudderingly on its shrieking, howling, groaning inmates, and, as she marked the hateful glances of Meg Semper's eyes—her distorted face, with its bloody scar, the trembling nervousness of arm and limb, the crouching poise of the body, and steadfast, burning gaze—she thought of the moaning lunatics who rattled their prison bars, and cried aloud in maddened accents.

What meant this horrible figure? What did it portend? Such questions flitted through her brain, and averted her more and more.

Just then, she, too, saw the tall form of the African in the doorway—noted the upraised hand and silent admonition of the finger.

Meg took a step forward; her half-closed, reddened orbs, that fairly scintillated in their unearthly stare, were fastened upon Orle Deice; and her jaw worked as she chewed upon her gums, her talon fingers twitched convulsively.

Nemil left his position at the door, and motionlessly drew near. Not a movement of the hag escaped him.

"Meg Semper," cried Orle, as she recoiled a step, "what means this fearful exhibition? Explain!—are you mad?"

"Mad!—mad!—mad!" repeated the hag, slowly, crouching lower, as if she meditated a spring; and then an incoherent muttering issued from her thin lips, the hands worked faster, her nervousness momentarily increased.

Cecilia now became thoroughly alarmed. "Orle, take care—you are in danger!" she said, in a low, faltering voice.

The beauty seemed suddenly to perceive this, and, immediately, a deep blush mantled her face, her receding form straightened, the ripe lips were compressed, and one hand sought her bosom.

Nemil paused, raised his hand, and gave her a meaning look.

"Beware!" said that look. "If she sees your knife, it will add to her madness! She is half-crazed, now!"

Meg Semper took another step, but, as she did so, an arm stretched toward her, a strong hand closed upon her wrist.

She uttered a quick, sharp cry that was half-yelp, and started back. But, there was no struggle, no resistance to that hold; she stood erect, and gazed at Nemil in an indefinable way.

"Come," he said, and the guttural voice was lowered to its mildest intonation. "Come away from this. You don't want to stay. Come, Meg Semper—come."

Her head drooped; with passive steps she was led from the room, and Orle and Cecilia were alone. The beauty sunk into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

"She has frightened you," said Cecilia, going to her side.

"No, no; not so much that," returned Orle, without looking up. "I could meet her. Had she leaped upon me, I would have kicked her with the dagger I carry. But, I feel strangely, now—I feel that this is not the last. She said a spider had bitten her, did she not?—yes; I remember. It must have been very poisonous. She is nearly insane from its effects. She means me harm."

"Are you not safe while the negro is with you?"

"Nemil thinks a great deal of me, if he is surly sometimes. But, he owes much to Meg Semper—she picked him out of the street, when he was a boy. He has been with her ever since, living well, and doing nothing, save to perform her errands and mine."

"Would he not protect you, in case of necessity?"

"I fear not, if he had to harm Meg in so doing."

"But, she is out of her senses."

"I know that—I see it; and Nemil must see it, too."

"What is to be done?"

To this inquiry, Orle made no answer. Cecilia was about to repeat it, when Nemil reappeared before them.

Orle's quick ear caught the sound of his footstep, and she raised her head.

"Nemil?"

He had closed the door when he entered, and now glanced toward it to see if it was still shut. Satisfying himself on this point, he said, addressing Orle:

"You had best get out of this."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Do I not say what I mean? You had best get out of this!"

"But why, Nemil?"

"You are in danger."

"Ha!"

"Sh!"—another glance at the door—"Meg Semper seeks your life!"

Orle started to her feet.

"Seeks my life? Do you say she seeks my life? She dare not harm me! She has sworn to stand—"

The African frowned as he interrupted her with:

"She is crazed; and crazy people care little for oaths."

"She would kill me?" Orle seemed not to comprehend.

"I tell you, yes! This afternoon, I came upon her in the kitchen; she was practicing with a knife and ring—"

"I have seen her at the same practice, years ago!" Orle exclaimed, breathlessly.

"The ring, she said to herself—but, I heard—was your heart!"

Orle Deice was, for a second, speechless.

"I can't go to-night, Nemil," she said, at length.

"In the morning, then. The sooner the better for you. I care not when, nor how, nor if at all. You've paid me honestly, though, for a long time, and now I put you on your guard."

"Can you keep her away from me to-night? I will be gone in the morning."

"One can promise to try—no more," answered the negro. "I will try."

"Do so, Nemil; I'll pay you twenty dollars if you succeed. You'll find the money here, on the mantelpiece, when I am gone."

He nodded his head and withdrew.

"I knew it!" Orle cried, uneasily. "I told you something was pending that boded no good! You see? That woman would take my life!"

Cecilia shuddered.

"Are you brave?" suddenly asked the beauty, as she paused in

seeing to her stores and ammunition, and shipping a crew of Europeans.

He felt safe to clean out every pirate in the Archipelago, and bragged not a little about it.

Julia, Mr. Earle, and Don Gregorio, were all much interested in the preparations, especially the latter. He asked numerous questions, and appeared to be very anxious for the success of the expedition.

"The scoundrels ought to be killed," he observed. "They have done more mischief than any of you know, and it is time that they were exterminated."

Marguerite de Favannes was the only silent one of the party. She could not act a part like Don Gregorio, and she was not ignorant like Claude and Julia. She sat quietly by, while the others were laughing and joking about the swift destruction that was to overtake the Red Rajah.

And Marguerite looked with mingled wonder and terror at the very man who was to be the victim of all these preparations.

There he sat, serene and placid, a slight smile on his handsome face, his dark, luminous eyes half-closed in lazy self-possession, listening to the talk, and now and then dropping an occasional sentence in his deep, melodious voice. In the very midst of his enemies, the Red Rajah of the Archipelago was as quiet and impassive as an exquisite at a play.

Mr. Earle, as we know, followed the old English custom of sitting over his wine, while the ladies went up stairs.

Julia gave the signal, soon after Claude's entrance, and she and Marguerite retired to the drawing-room. Don Gregorio held the door open for their departure, and as the fair Julia passed, she laughingly observed:

"I hope you won't let pa detain you too long, Don Gregorio. You'll find his stories insufferably long-winded."

"I will stay but a moment," returned the gentleman.

Then, as Marguerite passed, he whispered to her in French, very rapidly:

"In the garden. To-night."

The girl bowed her head, and departed with Julia.

Don Gregorio returned to the table, and took his seat.

"Now, then, gentlemen," said their host, "let's have a quiet chat over the port. Claude, my boy, ere's your 'ealth, and may you 'ave success in your expedition. Don Gregorio, 'elp yourself, and pass the bottle to Claude."

The don smiled blandly, and did as requested, and the conversation drifted into its old topic, the Red Rajah. Since the coming of Rodriguez, Mr. Earle's notions had taken a sudden change toward Claude.

He began to patronize the young man, good-naturedly enough, but still with a certain air of superiority.

"The young fellow's all very well," he said to himself, "but this 'ere don is a much better match for my Julia, and I think I'll 'ave to let Claude know it. Politely, of course. If he must 'ave a wife, 'e can take the little French girl. I've a notion as 'ow 'e likes her best, 'ow."

And so he began to give Claude some fatherly advice, as to how he should conduct his expedition. Moreover, he took occasion to make several jocular allusions to the "little ma'm'selle," rallying Claude on his fondness for her.

The Virginian took it all in good part, at first, but wearisome repetition made him a little testy at last. Don Gregorio took no part in the jokes. He sat, quiet and placid to all appearance.

But every time old Earle alluded to Marguerite, compelling her name with this young stranger's, his hand tightly clenched under the table.

"Will you have a cigar?" he asked the old gentleman, at last, to stop the conversation.

"You know you like my little cheroots, senior."

"Much obliged," said the jolly merchant. "With the greatest of pleasure. Ha! Claude, my boy, you never 'ad a cigar like this in Yankee-land, old fellow."

Claude made no answer. A Virginian hates to be called a Yankee, and he was beginning to resent Earle's tone.

Don Gregorio tendered the exquisite case to the two gentlemen, and it seemed for a while as if peace was restored in the curling smoke.

But the don himself opened the campaign presently, with a remark to Claude.

"It seems, senior, that you were very fortunate in your first expedition."

"How so?" inquired Claude.

"You did expect to have much trouble in fighting with this Red Rajah, I understand. But instead of bringing back his head, as you say you go to do, you only find a little child and a few women dere. Carambo, senior. It was well you deed not meet dat Red Rajah. I have hear dat he is terrible man to meet."

"I don't know that I should have cared much, if I had met him," returned Claude, sharply. "One good brig, with a fifty-pound rifle, and two Gatling guns on board, would have scattered him and his fleet to the four winds."

Don Gregorio smiled provokingly. He took the cheroot from between his lips, and allowed a stream of smoke to escape before he answered.

"Mi querido seniorito," he said, at length, "you are quite young yet, and you have not hear de way in which dat Red Rajah take de English corvette, Vengeance, two year ago. 'Eet was ver' lockee, for you dat 'e deed not catch you to serve you de same way."

Claude was nettled at this speech. He did not like the term "seniorito" (little senior), nor the superior smile of the don.

"It's the Rajah's luck that he escaped me," he replied. "I don't know any thing about the corvette Vengeance. She was captured by some devilish device of that infernal cowardly cut-throat, the Red Rajah. He never took her in fair fight, I'm sure. No one but a devil, fresh from hell, could have concocted such a diabolical plot to destroy the steamer 'Alcide,' that afterward chased him. Did you hear that story, sir? The cunning villain blew up the corvette he had taken by some trick, and very nearly sunk the 'Alcide. Her captain is in port now, and commands the frigate 'Marengo.' He'll tell you all about your precious Red Rajah, Don Gregorio."

Rodriguez listened calmly till he had finished, smoking tranquilly all the while.

"You are excited, seniorito," he said, provokingly. "The Red Rajah has taken scores of vessels in fair fight. Let us be just to our enemies. He has led a wild life in these seas, but de universal re-port eez dat he is a brave enemy. De Red Rajah nevair rob de poor man."

"It seems to me, Don Gregorio, that you talk as if you liked this cut-throat."

"Quien sabe?" replied Rodriguez. "I do not see for my part that he is any worse dan de English, de Dootch, de Portuguese, ay, even my own contree-men. Dey coom here; dey rob, and murder, and steal; dey call it conquest. Vot he do more? He make de fleet, he take de sheeps, he burn, he kill. So do de mans-of-war. Eh, seniorito?"

"I see no parallel between the cases," said Claude, hotly. "The European men-of-war only fight in time of war, after a regular declaration. You can not compare them to pirates. This fellow wars with all the world."

"Por Dios! You are right," said the don, laughing in his low, melodious tones; "and he geve de whole world mosh trouble to put heem daoon."

Claude grew angry at the other's mocking tone. He had felt so much like a hero, that he did not like to be sneered at.

"I am glad that you sympathize with him," he said, sulkily. "You'll be sorry when you see him hung, which he will be if we catch him."

"But why deed you not keep him when you did have him?" asked Rodriguez, laughing a little more, as the other grew angrier.

"You were in his stronghold, dey tell me. You had de fine time killing de womens and de chil-dren. Why did you no stay a leetle longer to see de mastair of de ha-oose?"

Claude was about to answer angrily, when Mr. Earle interposed with a laugh, anxious to make peace.

"Don't ye remember the hold song, don? 'ow it says:

'Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief, Taffy came to my 'ouse, and stole a bit 'o beef, Hi went to Taffy's 'ouse, Taffy wasn't at 'ome, Taffy came to my 'ouse, and stole a mutton-bone.'

That's the way to do it, Don Gregorio."

The don puffed tranquilly.

"And veech de two gentlemen act de part of Senor Taffi," he inquired. "It is an honorable part to go to a man's ha-oose and burn eet, and den ron away, like de thief, you say."

Claude could stand this sort of thing no longer. His temper was hot at the best of times.

"I burnt the Rajah's palace," he said, fiercely; "and I killed all the men I found, because it was a nest of accursed pirates. That's why I did it. As for the women and children, God is my witness, I tried to spare them. But I had a crew of wild Malays and Dyaks, picked up everywhere and anywhere. They were uncontrollable by me, when they had once tasted blood. It was they who committed the depredations you speak of. And yet, I don't know why I say this. It's no one's business what I did. They were a nest of pirates, and it served them all right. If I catch him, I'll serve him the same way."

"How do you mean?" asked Don Gregorio, languidly. "Do you mean you will burn his ha-oose, and ron away?"

"No, sir," thundered Claude, striking his fist on the table, so that the glasses rang; "I'll cut his pirate head off, and exterminate him and all his crew, so that there shall never be a Red Rajah heard of again in these seas."

Don Gregorio extracted a second cheroot from his case, and calmly lighted it. When he spoke again, he changed the language to French.

"And mademoiselle," he said, between the puffs of his cigar; "what will you do with her? I hear from a friend of mine that you stole her away against her will. My friend told me you had acted the part of a coward to let your young lady, for she loved the Red Rajah."

Mr. Earle was puzzled by the rapid French, and did not understand what was going on.

"Then your friend is a liar!" replied Claude, shortly, still in French.

Don Gregorio took his cigar from between his lips.

"I never desert my friends," he said, quietly. "You are brave on women and children, and behind the backs of brave men. My friend can not resent your words. He is too many miles away. I do it for him. Monsieur, you will give me a meeting to-morrow, or I will post you as a coward throughout Singapore."

Mr. Earle was completely mystified.

"What are you two talking about?" he inquired. "Why can't you talk English, instead of jabberin' them foreign lingoos?"

The don turned to him with a pleasant laugh.

"We were arranging a little ride into the mountains, for to-morrow morning," he said. "Is it not so, Monsieur Claude?"

"But Claude can't go a-ridin' with you to-morrow," said innocent Mr. Earle; "he's a goin' to sail in the morning, after the pirates."

"He will put it off, I think," said the don, serenely. "Is it not so, senior? Your vessel will go with the mate in the command. Is it not so?"

Claude eyed the other with a peculiar look.

"I suppose it must be so," said he, gloomily.

"Let us shake hands on it, then," said the Spaniard, and extended his hand.

Claude knew that the meeting between them must be kept secret, at the peril of his being posted as a coward. He knew that he must meet this man on the field—this man whom he had never seen before. He must resign the command of the Avenger, and peril his life to atone for the hasty word he had spoken. And yet he had been so grossly, though covertly, insulted, that he could not do otherwise than accept the challenge. There are some insults that can not be borne, and the words "liar and coward" had passed.

He held out his hand and took that of the other in a firm grasp.

"I will keep the appointment," he said, meaningly.

Don Gregorio bowed low.

"Come, Senor Earle," he remarked, "is it not time we did finish this afternoon. And then he will expect us, and I promised the Senorita Giulia that I would come into de drawing-room. Will you dispense with me?"

"Certainly, certainly, don," replied the puffy merchant.

He thought within himself that this Spanish chap might take a fancy to his Julia, and he was willing to let him have his chances.

A few minutes afterward Don Gregorio was entering the drawing-room.

As he put his hand on the door, he muttered:

"I have disposed of this housebreaker pretty well. Now, for my pretty little runaway."

And he turned the knob of the door and went in.

CHAPTER XV.
THE GARDEN.

At eleven o'clock that night all was silent around the "Palms." The house was dark and every one retired, according to Eastern custom.

Just at this hour, however, the green open-work door which led from the drawing-room onto the open piazza or colonnade, was slowly unclosed, and a dark figure issued therefrom. It was Don Gregorio, still in evening dress, as he had retired from the drawing-room twenty minutes before.

He had just tapped on the wall of Marguerite's room, to let her know he was going, before he stole down stairs. Don Gregorio's footsteps were perfectly noiseless. He wore black felt slippers, which made no sound.

He stalked silently into the garden, and turned behind the first rose-thicket to wait for Marguerite. He was not deceived in her coming. Pretty soon the door opened again, and he saw a small figure, dark and unobtrusive, flitting down the walk. He stepped out, and the next minute Marguerite stood beside him. She had thrown a dark mantle over her white dress, so as to appear less conspicuous in the moonlight.

Don Gregorio said not a word; no more did she. He drew her arm through his, and led her through the garden-walks till they came to the arbor where Claude had first seen Julia Earle. Here he gravely handed the young lady to a seat, and took his own at a short distance off, and facing her.

Then there was a long silence.

Marguerite sat with her eyes fixed on the ground, unable to speak, and trembling under the glowing eyes of her strange companion. The Rajah, on his side, literally devoured her with his eager gaze, and seemed to find it as difficult on his part to address her.

At last, however, he began, in a low tone, in French.

"It is thee, indeed, Marguerite, my little pearl, whom I cherished in my heart. And, thou it was, that left me. Left me all alone, to flee with a robber, a slayer of women and children."

Marguerite shivered, but made no reply.

The Red Rajah waited for some time. At last, he asked her:

"Well, mademoiselle? Have you no word for the friend who saved your life once? Is it true that you left the island willingly with this boy? Had you no remembrance left of my kindness, except to avail yourself of it, by carrying off your wardrobe and jewelry that I gave you?"

Still no answer. Poor Marguerite's head had sunk on her lap, and she was weeping violently. The Rajah's words had reached her tender little heart, and she felt like a culprit before him.

He looked at her in silence, for some minutes. Then a sudden smile lighted up his dark, handsome face. He suddenly shifted his position over to where she was, took one of the little hands in his, passed his arm around her, and drew her to him softly.

"Come, Marguerite," he whispered, kindly. "Tell me all about it."

The relief was instantaneous. The soft-hearted child burst out crying on his breast, and told her simple little story between her sobs, just as a child might.

"Oh, my lord!" she murmured. "Truly, I truly never meant to do as I have done. But I saw a ship outside the island, when I was out hawking. And it set me to thinking of poor, poor papa, you know. And then I remembered Monsieur Claude, poor Monsieur Claude, whom the savages carried off. I told you all about it before. And I couldn't help thinking of poor aunt Eulalie in Pondicherry, who must think me to be dead. And then, somehow, it struck me that Monsieur Claude might have got away from the savages, and might be in the ship. I can not tell how it was that I thought so, but I couldn't help it. And then I went home and waited. And, sure enough, Monsieur Claude did come in that very night, all alone. How he got through the village I can not tell, but he came to my pavilion in the middle of the night. I was dreadful frightened at first, but when I found who it was, I was so glad, for I fancied he had brought me news from my aunt Eulalie. And, you know, my lord, you promised to take me to her, and you never did. So I was the least bit angry with you, and he promised so nicely to take me to my aunt Eulalie that I consented to go at last. But, I meant to leave a letter for you, to tell you where I had gone; indeed, I did. And, Monsieur Claude, he kept promising to do it, and to take me to my aunt's. But, oh! my lord! how he deceived me! When I packed up my things next morning, I meant to sail in the pahu, you left me, and to send it back with news to you where I was. I thought you deserved a little fright, you know, for not keeping your promise. You're not angry, are you?"

The Rajah pressed the little head close against his breast, as he answered:

"No, child, no. Not angry; quite. But, hurt. I hurt. I did not want to tell me all this long ago. I would have taken you to your aunt's. This Claude of yours does not appear to have done any better, however. What are you doing in this vulgar Englishman's house?"

"I will tell you all, indeed I will, my lord," she said, timidly. "While I was embarking on the pahu, a boat suddenly rowed out to attack us. Your people fired at the boat, and oh! I shall never forget the scene. A terrible gun they had in the boat commenced firing, and it sent forth a stream of bullets like a fire-engine. All the men on the pahu fell dead in a moment, and we fled for our lives up the streets. I hid in a house and heard Monsieur Claude calling me. I ran out to reproach him, but he would not listen. He carried me off and put me in a cabin, and from there I heard shots and women's cries; and I knew what they were doing. Monsieur Claude tried to prevent the men from killing the women, but they would do it, and threatened to shoot him, but he stopped them. And then they brought me away from there, and I thought I could go to Pondicherry at once, and send word to you. But they brought me here to this stupid house, and won't let me go."

And she began crying again.

"And what pretense do they give for keeping you?" asked the Rajah.

"Oh! they tell me that a young girl must not travel alone," she answered, pouting. "I must stay in their stupid old house till doomsday for their propriety. Oh! I hate propriety."

The Rajah laughed.

"And how have you been treated otherwise?"

"Oh! pretty well at first. When I came here Mademoiselle Julie was polite, and

pretended to be very loving. But she's altered since then. And whenever she sees Monsieur Claude, talking to me, she comes and interrupts us, and says spiteful things to me. Calls me a child, and wants to talk to Monsieur Claude all alone."

"And you, Marguerite," he asked, suddenly, "do you like to talk to Monsieur Claude so much?"

"Not now," she said. "He has broken his word to me and he is cruel. He ought to have taken me to my aunt Eulalie's, and not leave me here in this horrible position like a beggar."

"Marguerite," he said, suddenly, after a pause of silence, "if I promise truly to take you to Pondicherry, will you go with me?"

"Will you keep your promise?" she asked, half-reproachfully.

"I will, as there is a God above us," he said, solemnly. "To-morrow night, if you dare the venture, we will sail to Pondicherry, and you shall see your aunt Eulalie. Will you come?"

"I will," she said, and submitted silently to the kiss which the Rajah placed on her forehead.

"Then let us forgive and forget," he said, kindly. "I forgive you, child—Why, what's the matter?"

Marguerite half-started from him, and then covered closer than ever in his arms, pointing silently to the entrance of the arbor.

Stealing down the walk toward them, with noiseless steps, was an immense royal tiger, the moonlight playing on his gaudy stripes, as he moved along at a stealthy pace, his great green eyes glaring hungrily. Marguerite gave a little sigh, and pointed dead away. The Rajah rose and faced the terrible beast alone.

CHAPTER XVI.
THE TIGER.

"I ought to have known it," muttered the Rajah, as he surveyed the monstrous brute silently creeping toward him. He felt how recklessly imprudent had been this midnight meeting, in a garden where tigers roved every night. The creatures swim across the narrow channel that separates Singapore Island from the mainland, during the night, and carry off several hundred human victims yearly.

The one in question was about a hundred feet off, at the moment when Marguerite first attracted the Rajah's attention to it, and came creeping along, just like a cat stalking a flock of pigeons.

When Marguerite faintly, the Rajah laid her back on the bench, and started up to confront the tiger.

The Rajah was an old tiger-hunter. He had often seen the hillmen from Java kill the tiger with nothing but a short dagger, and had learned their method from the men themselves.

He resolved to use the kris in preference to the pistol, to avoid alarming the house. As Don Gregorio, he did not wish Mr. Earle's household to find him in consultation with Marguerite.

So on he rushed, till he stood within twenty feet of the tiger, when he, too, halted.

Now the man and the beast looked at each other. The man stood erect, the right foot a little advanced, the body swaying with a supple motion, ready to advance or retreat.

The beast was crouched close to the earth, almost undistinguishable in the moonlight, so well did its striped body harmonize with the tints of the ground. Its great green eyes glowed like coals, and the tail slowly lashed from side to side. The body was quivering with eager motion, setting backward and forward, ready for its spring.

Now came the crisis.

The man stiffened into a statue, the tail of the beast ceased to oscillate. Then there was a sudden roar of eager desire, and the great body of the tiger flew through the air, full upon the man.

But the Rajah, cool, wary, and ready, sprung to one side as the tiger leaped.

The great beast missed its spring, and came to the earth all in a heap by the man. In an instant the broad blade of the kris gleamed in the air, and with a mighty blow, the Rajah tore open a great red gash in the creature's side, leaping back almost in the very effort.

The beast uttered a howl of rage and pain, and turned to spring again.

Like all animals of the cat kind, its spring once balked, the tiger is not half so dangerous. A severe wound cowed it, moreover.

Again man and beast faced each other. The man was encouraged, the beast depressed. But the latter seemed determined to take its revenge.

While they stood thus, however, a noise was heard in the house. It was Claude Peyton's voice, shouting:

"Rouse up there! Rouse up! Tigers in the garden!"

The beast seemed to hesitate. It turned its head. The next moment the Red Rajah leaped upon it, with a loud shout. The shout completed the tiger's confusion. It turned round to flee.

With a second blow, delivered with all the force of an arm made like steel and wire for strength, the man slashed the beast across the loins, cutting the back-bone.

The tiger gave a furious roar, and turned round, clawing at its assailant. But the hanches dragged useless after the fore-quarters. The Rajah leaped actively back, and as the tiger dragged itself painfully up to the attack, a third heavy stroke laid open the beast's skull like an egg-shell.

Without waiting for anything further, the pirate chief ran to the arbor wherein Marguerite was left, and found her reviving.

"Quick, Marguerite," he said, hurriedly, "slip round, and into the house—the back way. They must not see us together. The tiger's dead, and I'm not hurt; but the people in the house are alarmed. Run quick!"

The sound of voices and footsteps on the piazza was heard as he spoke.

With a readiness and courage that was hardly to be expected, the girl rose and slipped off, weak as she was after the fainting-fit.

The Rajah, or Don Gregorio, as he must be called before other people, ran up to the tiger, which lay breathing its last, resolved to attract the attention of any one coming.

He began to shout:

"Here! This way! Here he is!"

Presently he had the satisfaction of seeing a crowd of native servants dressed in white, who came rushing up, armed with every kind of chance weapon, and headed by Claude Peyton.

"The meddlesome fool!" muttered Don Gregorio, as he saw the other advance; "why did he come here to interfere?"

When the posse of servants arrived, there were loud cries of wonder and surprise, at the sight of the dead tiger, and the calm-looking gentleman who stood beside it, deliberately wiping a large Malay kris on a bunch of leaves.

Claude grounded the rifle in astonishment, and ejaculated:

"Good heavens, Don Gregorio! what have you been doing?"

"Taking a moonlight walk, Monsieur Claude," answered the other, sarcastically; "do you not see how I amuse myself, when I walk?"

Claude looked upon him with wonder, as the don quietly replaced the kris in his bosom, where it was concealed. This stranger was the first man who put him at a disadvantage, and he could not account for the studied insolence of his manner.

"You must be crazy," he said, "to walk out here at night, when tigers are swarming all round."

"Are you afraid to stay?" demanded the don, with a sneer. "And yet you carry a rifle. I walk where I please. Will you follow me, senior?"

The servants stood gazing, for the conversation was carried on in French, which they did not understand. They could see that the two "sahibs" were not friendly; in fact the reverse.

Claude answered the don's innuendo with equal sarcasm:

"I do not deal in assassinations by night, Don Gregorio. I think that to-morrow's meeting might be enough to satisfy you; or, perhaps, like the rest of your countrymen, you prefer the knife in the dark to the sword in the daylight."

Don Gregorio laughed, good-naturedly.

"A good answer, senior. Come, how shall we meet to-morrow? I have no friends in this town, and I must leave the arrangements to you."

"You have forced this duel upon me, Don Gregorio," said Claude, haughtily. "It is my privilege to name time, place, and weapons. I name eleven o'clock to-morrow, a mile from here, in a quiet spot in the jungle. I will bring two of the officers of the garrison here, whom I know, and we will fight with the small sword. I warn you that you will repent your insolence."

"Be it so," said the don, bowing. "And now, senior, I propose that we retire. The servants can do what they like with this."

And he kicked the dead body of the tiger as he spoke, and sauntered off.

As Don Gregorio entered the house, he saw a head looking out from the window above him. Before it was withdrawn, he recognized the golden hair of Julia Earle.

Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 27, 1872.

The Saturday Journal is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:
One copy, one year \$1.00
Two copies, one year 2.00
In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription.
Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have them.
All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to
BEADLE AND COMPANY, Publishers,
98 William St., New York.

Our Arm-Chair.

The Great Romancer.—Probably no author now living has a wider fame and more general reputation than Captain Mayne Reid. He is a favorite with young and old alike, and is read in homes throughout the country. Indeed, throughout all the world where the English language is spoken. The secret of this vast popularity is thus advertised by the *Gazette*, Nakomis, Ill.:

"There is one reason why we shall always admire MAYNE REID's writings: and, that is, because he always interweaves so much information in regard to the country he is writing of, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, the botany, zoology, etc. As a novelist he ranks among the first, and in his style of writing he has no rival. What person, after reading one of his stories, would not confess that they had read them all? There is a peculiar fascination about all of his writings, and his stories never flag, nor lose interest, from beginning to end."

The publication by the New York SATURDAY JOURNAL, of Captain Reid's last and most splendid production, viz.: "TRACKED TO DEATH, OR THE LAST SHOT; A ROMANCE OF THE CROSS-TIMBERS," is a most unexpected announcement to the reading public, and one that will send a thrill of delight into every home where this "wizard of the pen" is a welcome guest.

A Mistaken Notion.—The failure of the Boston weekly, *Every Saturday*, as an illustrated paper, we are somewhat surprised to see, is attributed to its having been too good! To those inside of "the trade," knowing what sells and what don't, such notices as the following excite a broad smile:

"*Every Saturday*—to use a vulgarism—'went for' the whole country. It was admirably illustrated, energetically managed, and pushed with unusual vigor, and, *et cetera*, and yet it has gone down in the race. The given out it was 'too well edited'—that is, that it shot too much above the popular tastes. What does this mean? and which is most at fault, *Every Saturday* in trying to advance and purify popular tastes, or the reading classes in not being willing to be thus ministered unto. The suggestive query for thought is—was *Every Saturday* before, or behind the age?"

That *Every Saturday* did not go for the "whole country" was its mistake. It published, week after week, pictures that had no more interest for an American audience than any other translation. It was essentially foreign. As compared with *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*, it was a cold feast compared with a splendidly served hot dinner. It was an echo; not an original; and its failure is one more lesson to those who are vain enough to suppose that they can compel American taste into their channels. The wise publisher gives the people what they want, and that they want what is good is ultimately true, as witness the fact, that the men of widest popularity are, almost without exception, those of eminent merit.

No; neither *Every Saturday*, nor the thousand and one other papers which have been "obituaried," perished from superexcellence; they died because nobody cared to have them live. Only those magazines, or weeklies, or dailies, are a success which cater right at and for the public as they find it, and the most eminent successes are owing solely to the superior knowledge of the public want possessed by the managers. The idea of a "paper for the cultivated few"—is all well enough, as an "intellectual classes"—for the sake of the idea; but, when these ventures are downright failures, it is ridiculous to lay the blame on the public that wanted something else.

The Moralities of the Press.—The freedom with which the "critics" of the daily press fling around their opinions of men, books, and things, has a decidedly humorous side, when we come to know those oracles personally, and find that, in seven cases out of eight, they are as ill qualified for judging as a tin whistle is to perform the office of an orchestra. An instance occurred, a few days since, in which a certain "leading journal," for the twentieth time, at least, flung the severest kind of anathemas at the popular press and weekly papers of the largest circulation, holding them to be largely responsible for the want of intelligence and virtue among "the masses!" Convinced that there was spite at the office end of that rope, we made inquiry, and soon ascertained that the probable author of these anathemas was a writer of the meanest kind of literary trash and hash for one of the Sunday papers, whose contributions had been rather peremptorily rejected by one of the popular weeklies: *hinc illa lacrima*.

The "moralities of the press" are a most excellent thing when they are moralities and not the well-rounded periods of some Bohemian who hasn't as much good character to brag of as a two-cent postage stamp would frank. As a rule, we know the popular weekly press is far more particular in its literary conduct than the arrogant and conceited daily press. Even the best of our daily papers print columns of matter that a popular weekly would only touch with a pair of tongs; and he must indeed be blind who does not see in the daily press the sin which the *Fejee* above referred to is so eager to lay at the door of the papers for which he can not write.

Tracked to Death.—For those who have not perused the opening chapters of Captain Mayne Reid's great story, we give a synopsis of those chapters, on our first page. The space necessarily occupied by the author's portrait and interesting life sketch, somewhat restricts the second installment of the story, in this issue; but, the rapid progress of the serial, hereafter, will soon overcome any omissions of this present number.

THE COUNTRY.

We ought to thank God for the country, as pleasant, when the warm weather comes, to shake the city's dust from off our feet, and wander among the beauties of nature. We can sit at the window and gaze away through the vista of trees, and never weary of looking at the farmers, either hoeing or haying, while, by-and-by, a cart will rumble along with some comical specimen of humanity for a driver. He may be large-footed—you don't catch him wearing boots or stockings in the summer; and his straw hat may have once been his father's, but he's as happy as any monarch on a gilded throne. Then there is the walk through the garden, and the arranging of bouquets, while the sweet fragrance of the roses scents the air.

Perhaps a party of city-people will pass in a carriage, dressed up in the extreme of the fashion, and, of course, sweltering under the same, while I sit in a light and cool toilet, pitying them, and not envying them the least. You couldn't hire me to torture myself into such tight-fitting clothes. When I go into the country, I go for pleasure, and not to be ruled by that tyrant, Dame Fashion.

Slovenly? Not a bit of it! I argue that a person can look neat and nice, without being clad in silks and satins.

How could I make a call on the pig, or take a look after the colt, if I was rigged up fashionably—for I do go to see the animals I have named—for what is the use of going into the country, unless one sees all the sights?

What if the post-office is a mile from the house where I reside, it doesn't harm me any to take that walk; and every time I go, I find many a new beauty in the trees and bushes and flowers. I have many a thought in these walks—perhaps foolish ones. Perhaps I wish that I could send a bit of this lovely country right into the heart of New York city, where the poor could enjoy it, and know it was their own. I wouldn't want a breath of city air about it.

Al! me; it's a pity that there are so many persons, who pass summer after summer in the country, but rarely, if ever, think of the hundreds of poor girls at work in the hot cities, where the sun pours down upon them, and who, though heads ache and limbs tire, must still be busy, or the wolf of poverty will come in at the door. Is it not a fearful thing to contemplate how many fights of stairs these poor creatures have to mount, and then have no rest when they get there?

How many a wearied heart would grow stronger, and many an eye grow brighter, if they could but go into the country?

Then, when my mail comes, don't I peruse it eagerly, and wonder what a dreary, desolate world this would be if it were not for letter-exchanges of hearts and thoughts? In the evening, after the sun has set, it may be, my steps will wander to the country church-yard, to read the names on the grave-stones that mark the resting-place of those I have known or heard of.

The rank grass and neglected grave of some person, will cause me to wonder whether the sleeper is forgotten, or is there no one left to care for it? I scattered a few flowers over it. Not romantic; merely a tribute to the dead.

There are none but peaceful thoughts for me in this church-yard. I forget that scandal, gossip, or suffering exist.

Yes, God did make the country, and when He did so, He made it a lesson for us—to show us that we should appreciate the benefit we gain from a visit to it. Don't you hope the time will come when our philanthropists will be able to allow the poor, as well as their more fortunate brothers and sisters, to enjoy it? We see very little suffering in the country; would there were less in the city!

Let us enjoy our country's blessings all we can; yet, at the same time, let us pray that others may enjoy these blessings as well as ourselves. EVE LAWLESS.

LADIES VERSUS WOMEN.

SOMEBODY I know says somebody she knows will not let her little girl play out of doors, lest she should get tanned, or dirty her clothes.

I'd like to see that woman. Surely Barium can obtain no greater curiosity than a mother who will sacrifice her child's health and happiness to her own vanity and overstrained love of cleanliness. The number of girls who are sacrificed for the sake of fine clothing, fair complexions and "lady-likeness" is something appalling. The latter, especially, is a fruitful cause of delicate and unhealthy girls. It is unlady-like for them to do any thing but play with dolls and sew patch-work, and for them to run about out-doors, climb fences or trees, and exercise their muscles in real healthy play, is to be "tom-boys"—dreadful fate! I'm sure the kind of women who are so afraid of having their children coarse and unlady-like, must be "womanly" and weak-minded enough to suit the most conservative man in existence, and as trying to please the men is said to be the highest ambition of women, they must be perfect.

I don't subscribe to that opinion myself—no, thank you!—and I wish there were more tom-boys. If there were, there would be fewer useless doll-baby women, who must get married as soon as they don long dresses, so as to have some one to take care of them, and furnish them spending-money. If they were not "lady-like," I suppose that devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation would never be reached. Lady-like! I hate the very word, its meaning is so perverted. I don't see, nor can't see, nor won't see, that girls can not be quite as much "ladies" if they sit primly on a straight-backed chair, and dress and undress Judy or Dolly, or sew minute pieces of calico in some wonderful combination, the invention of which must have thrown the ingenious inventor into a decline—it ought to have done so, I'm sure.

Such treatment of children makes women who could not walk a mile if their lives depended upon it; who always have the side-ache, or the head-ache, or some other ache; who "wilt" the moment the sunshine strikes them, and whose voices are so weak they can not sing, even if into their sickly and miserable life an ambition to do so ever creeps. They are the ones, too, who never know any thing after marriage, only what "John" tells them, who are always telling what "John" says, and "likes," and "does," until you wonder if they couldn't properly be classed among the heathens, inasmuch as they worship idols.

It is not to be wondered at that they are physically and mentally weak. Human

plants can not grow healthy in the shade any better than vegetable ones, and the number of suffering women and children in our land cry out for a thorough reform in this matter. To be sure this is only one abuse among many, but it is a very great one. A woman told me once that when she was eight years old, she had only two hours a day for play, being kept the remainder of the time at dish-washing, knitting and patch-work. Two hours a day! Only think of it! No matter for what reason children are thus kept in-doors at work, it is barbarous. Old-fashioned people still think that, if a child likes to romp, and play, and pick flowers, better than to work, it is an evidence of total depravity. Dear me! When I think of the childhood our forefathers and mothers had, I don't wonder that they sometimes lacked heart. All the freshness of soul they naturally possessed had now led into potatoes, and knit into stockings.

But, nowadays, people expect children to be children, in a measure at least, and instead of being sacrificed to work, they are sacrificed to fine clothes, fair skins, and ladyism. Clothes! What does fine clothes amount to? I had a peculiar faculty of having a tear in my dress when I was a little girl, and I was always as happy with it as without, because, you see, I didn't expect a scolding about it. I wasn't very particular about wearing a bonnet, either, and I was (I suppose) a dreadful tom-boy. At any rate, I could climb logs with the greatest ease, hunted hens' nests in the very top of the barn, and—shall I say it?—yes—I climbed trees! And, what is more, I didn't drop that last accomplishment when I left off short dresses. I hope I haven't shocked anybody into a fainting fit by that last confession. LETTIE ARLEY IRONS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF "ARTEMUS WARD," No. 2.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

WHEN in 1869 Ward conceived the idea of making a lecture tour through California—a great undertaking in those days—he engaged the writer to accompany him as agent, offering a salary that made the insignificant pay of a Cleveland "local" blush with shame. Not knowing that lecturers, and especially humorists, have a way of engaging every man as agent who professes a desire to travel, I made all preparations to go, resigned my situation, and anxiously awaited my summons.

As I waited, various articles of furniture were sold to pay expenses. I cut up my stove, I remember, and nearly drank up my bureau. At length, when nearly every thing had gone, I learned that Ward had gone, too, taking another agent. I was naturally incensed, and resolved there would be a sure settlement when next we met. I rehearsed the anticipated scene frequently, and resolved just how I would go to work to annihilate him.

Our meeting was in New York, in July, '64. I had heard of his return from California, and was prepared to empty the vessel of my wrath upon his head. We accidentally ran against each other on Broadway. My slumbering indignation flamed up at once. I thought of the cook-stove I had devoured, and the various articles of household furniture drunk up, and was about to go for him when Ward suddenly rushed forward and grasping me warmly by the hand, exclaimed:—

"Why, G., how are you? When did you get back from California?"

As I looked at him speechless with amazement, he continued:—"Oh, I don't know you any more 'round the Horn," but I never knew you to go around a horn yet—join me."

Now, Ward had a very persuasive way of locking his arm in with another's, and in a momentary fit of weakness I accompanied him.

"Ward," said I, sternly, "I owe you a licking on account of that California agency business, but will put it off until we drink."

"Put it off as long as you are a mind to," replied Ward, in a tone of generous accommodation, as though I was speaking about returning him a loan. "If you owe me a licking, pay it when you get ready. I'm in no hurry. Don't care if you never pay it."

Numerous were the unavailing efforts that I made to bring Ward to a settlement. When I would commence:—"Now, Artemus, about that California business"—he would interrupt—"Oh, never mind that whipping. No hurry at all. Send it to me through the mail—or telegraph it."

I have got even in a measure, however—I have engaged a number of agents myself. From a package of old letters written by Artemus Ward to the writer of this, I have selected the following:

[Written just previous to his first attempt at lecturing.]
OFFICE OF VANITY FAIR,
100 Nassau street,
New York, Oct. 9th, 1861.
My Dear G.—I have invitations to lecture in Charleston, Mass., Norwich, New London, Albany, Rochester, etc. Several journals, including the *World* and *Times* of this city, have very kindly called attention to the fact. Will you, perhaps, I like the *Leader* (of this city) the best, which says that "Mr. Charles F. Browne, the celebrated comic writer, has accepted several invitations to lecture in New England and at the West during the approaching winter. He opens at Rochester on the 9th of January."

Probably this suits me better, because there are no allusions to "wax fingers" in it. *** I am so infernally busy with my lecture and revising my "Wards" (which may be published in book form this Fall—at least a house wants to do it, and I am half-disposed to let them), that I haven't much time to be comic in the paper, and I guess the last two numbers were a little heavy.

Shun the intoxicating bowl and join the Young Men's Christian Association. Love to all, both great and small.

Yours truly,
CHARLES F. BROWNE.

A POPULAR AUTHOR will give our readers a most exquisite touch of his power as a word painter and delineator of act and character in the coming issue of our paper. Leaving for the moment his chosen field of American life and society, he leaps over the barrier of years, and, seizing upon a remarkable episode in history, in feudal times, when the Lord of the Castle owed service to no Prince or Potentate, the versatile author presents in

LUDWIG, THE WOLF,

The Pearl of Guilders,
a story of singular strength and beauty. It is not only highly wrought and intense in its dramatic features, but is alive with the subtle charm which a deathless love creates. As a minor story it is one of the most beautiful of the author's productions.

Foolscap Papers.

Advice to Young Poets.

I AM an old man; the frosts of many winters, and equally as many summers are several inches thick on the few remaining hairs I have left, to wave trace to the besieger, Time.

I am an old man, and I have seen many things which I have looked at intently, and have observed many things which I have taken the trouble to behold, and what I have cast my eyes on I have noticed, and what I have not forgotten I have recollected; and I have lived to see nine out of ten young people of our Hall Columbia'd land afflicted with poetry. Vaccination would not stay it; frequent editorial rejections had no effect upon it; a father's prayers and a mother's pleadings could not prevent it. It has taken hold, and now I am willing to say, "go in, and make the best of it," and, to further your purposes, I shall repeat the advice of my old uncle, who was potter, to me when he saw my first ode to an unwhatched chicken. He sat down on a lump of soft clay, wiped the mud off his spectacles, and, looking at me, said:

"Young man, give me a chew of tobacco, and I will give you some practical advice. When you go to write a poem, lay off your lines with a compass and square. If you could lay them off until you got wiser, it would be better. Be sure that you get the right number of feet in them; a few extra inches more or a few less will spoil the best poem. Be careful and see that your rhymes have the right ring; to find this out, take each rhyme on your hand and strike it with your knuckles as I do a crock. Take particular notice and see whether your ideas are old or not; you can tell this by looking at their teeth. See that each word is proper; if not, correct it with ruler and see if it has the right meaning. If it hasn't, ask it what it does mean, then. All objectionable words can be removed with a shovel and a wheelbarrow. If you find you have taken any other poet's ideas, return them immediately, provided no questions are asked and a reward is given."

"Look well to the accent of the syllables; if they have the Scotch or Irish accent drill them into the pure English. Let your measures be true and perfectly legal; less or more than a lawful bushel won't do. Use a whetstone to make your points sharp, and, to make your rhymes jingle, you might put some little bells around their necks, and give them a kick, provided they don't jump out of time."

"If your imagination rises too high, whistle for it to come back; if it goes too low, throw out ballast. If what you write is beyond your own comprehension, then you will have succeeded in producing a true modern poem—one of the present style. Begin each line with a capital letter; this is half the poem."

"If your imagery ain't good, make some little images out of clay, and turn it into a menagerie. If your descriptions are overdrawn, get a rope and draw them back. I forgot to say that, in the first place, you will be obliged to take out a poetic license; this will cost you but a small sum."

"Be careful that you have the poetic thread running unbroken and without knots, through all the verses. You might have it stretched along on poles to keep it off the ground. Let your sentiments be pure; if they are not, disinfect them with slacked lime and strain them through a rail fence."

"Don't end too abruptly; that is, don't come down like a chimney falling, lest you should stove yourself up, or knock two or three verses into one—which probably wouldn't hurt the poem. In fact, if I were you I shouldn't come down at all, but stay up there and have your dinners sent up."

"Deal fairly with your muse; hire her by the month, and give her good wages. Let your numbers be smooth; go over them with a jack-plane, and sand paper and boil them in oil. If the verses are too long, saw them off and put liniment on them to prevent them from getting sore."

"Send your poems to your favorite editor, and don't charge more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars apiece for them until you get to writing better than Tennyson; but, in case the editor wants to charge you that sum for printing them, raise on the price."

I was so pleased with his advice, that I borrowed twenty-five cents from him on the spot, to go to the circus that night.

As I said before, I am an old man, and I believe his head was level.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

BE SOCIABLE.

It is Dr. Sharpe who truthfully says: All enjoyments that are solitary and participated in without associates, "soon pall or become painful, so that, perhaps, no more innumerable misery can be conceived than that which must follow incommunicable privities. Only imagine a human being condemned to perpetual youth while all around him decay and die. Oh! how sincerely would he call upon death for deliverance. What, then, is to be done? Are we to struggle against all our desires? Luckily, we should strive in vain, or could we succeed, we should be fools for our pains. To strangle a natural feeling is partial suicide; but there is no need to extinguish the fertility of the soil lest the harvest should be unwholesome. Is it not better far to root up the weeds, and to plant fruits and flowers instead? Were but a tithe of the time and thought usually spent in learning the commonest accomplishments bestowed upon regulating our lives, how many evils would be avoided or lessened, how many pleasures would be created or increased?"

The good Providence that directs every human life commands it, as a prerogative of happiness, to be sociable—to seek others' society, and to make others happy. The solitary man, who can be happy, is, by reason of some mental defect, or of some unhappy experience, unfitted for association with others. His condition excites pity, and the repulsion which we feel over his isolation shows how unnatural it is.

No; as Dr. Sharpe says, we are not to struggle against our natural desires for company; we are, on the contrary, to study how to render ourselves and others happy; and the injunction, "Be Sociable" is of more moment to the individual and to the family than money or station.

WINTER, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments, only to enlarge the prospect of the eternity before us.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. prepared for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned, accompanied by a receipt for the enclosure, for each return.—Book MSS. postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book MS., and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not sent or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit, and second, upon excellence of MS.—"Copy" is thin, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to edit and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it to the printer. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find it ever ready to give their efforts early attention to correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Will have to place on the unaccepted list the following, viz.: "A Great Boon," "Hollow Hearts," "The Spirits' Spree," "Just as You Please," "Revenge," "Nellie's Ride with the Grand Duke," "Worms," "Western Romance," "Mystilla," "The Death of Them," "Part 2," "Charles Lorion," "The Great Blow," "A Fire's Romance," "Charming," "Charley," "Gooseberry Pie," "Dear Love," "Pepper Sauce and Jam," "Just as the Pleased," etc., etc. Those MSS. with which stamps were inclosed, have been promptly returned.

The following we will try and find place for, viz.: "Be Another," "The Mind of a Man," "Keep the Fades," "Demon of the Cliff," "Keep the Right," "Sociability," "Upper Ten and Lower Twenty," "A Good Trait," "An Obstinacy," "Pleasures and Pains," "Lodger's Paradise," "Good News for Mary," "A Prince of Dukes," etc., etc.

The translation from M. Erchman Charnin we can not use. We use no translations.

"The Serial," "Lord of the Manor," is very good of its kind, but we have no room for it.

The series of sketches of Overland Travel are somewhat trite reading. The story has been told many a time in a more graphic manner.

J. H. W. We already have given the full length portrait of young Brin Adams, in No. 46 of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. He will continue to write exclusively for the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

G. A. K. The bride to be has no special power to fix the wedding day, it is a matter of convenience to the parties to be married.

J. G. Jr. We always have back six numbers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, in print—price six cents each. Can supply you with the numbers named.

L. W. McG. There is no "system" of book-keeping that is best. Book-keeping is as fixed a science as chemistry—certain defined processes to obtain specific results. Maxon's system of Photography is said to be the favorite one with press-reporters.

H. W. Newport, Ky. We place the two poems on the accepted list, with some assurance of their originality. Parties wholly unknown to us must expect a rigid scrutiny upon what they send.

C. B. H. Ditto. Is your contribution your own?

Correspondents are especially enjoined, in writing, to give their address in full, and to state the name of the town, and the name of the State, in the several states, that it is no indication whatever of the author's residence, and the name of the State. The publishers of all papers are greatly annoyed by this neglect of correspondents to give their State location.

AVERY L. The registered letter is by no means safe from the thief. Some publishers are so convinced of its being a mere pretense of safety that they order their correspondence by registered mail, for, as *Godley* says, that only indicates which letter has got money in it. The system is very defective in this; that *Godley* says, that the letter, if it is to do for the extra charge it makes for registry.

H. G. Says, we refer, in one of our sketches, to Crockett's death at the Alamo. What is the Alamo? It is, (or rather was) a fort in Texas, near where the town of San Antonio now stands, where Col. Crockett perished in the massacre of the Texan garrison by the Mexicans, March 19th, on which day a Mexican force of 1,500 or 2,000 men, under Santa Anna, after having in vain besieged and bombarded its garrison of about 300 men, under Crockett, ever since the twenty-third of the preceding month, stormed the place and took it, after being twice repulsed. But, the men, of whom were Crockett, were left alive after the assault, and these were murdered in cold blood in Santa Anna's presence, by his order, after surrender on promise of protection. "Remember the Alamo," was the slogan of the Texan war for the rest of the Texan war for independence. It was a dearly bought victory for the United States.

A POSTMASTER'S CLERK writes, that, in consequence of much night-work, he has greatly inflamed eyes, and asks for a simple remedy. We are told, by a friend, who speaks of cases of poisoning, that worth of white vitriol, and five cents' worth of sweet nitre, added to one pint of rain water, is the best means for sore or inflamed eyes that has been tried in this country. It can be used with perfect safety. Should be used on going to bed. We do not vouch for this, but it is well worth the trial.

X. Y. Z. Only time will remove the "pitting" of small-pox, but in most cases not even time, near office the pits. Prevention by vaccination is the only safeguard against the loathsome disease, which is yet very prevalent in all the States.

The revised rates of foreign postage are now to England: Letters, 12 cents per half ounce; newspapers, 2 cents each; books, 2 cents per ounce; samples, 3 cents per ounce. To France: Letters, 15 cents per half ounce; newspapers, 8 cents each; To Germany: Letters, 10 cents per half ounce; newspapers, 7 cents each. To Russia: Letters, 15 cents per half ounce; newspapers, 5 cents each.

CHARLES F. G. To measure a square acre, measure 220 feet on each side of a square plot.

WALTER, of Brooklyn, in cases of poisoning, we may suggest that the patient be given immediately a glass of water with a teaspoonful of mustard, and another of salt, stirred therein; this will act as a vomit. To overcome the effects of the poison, give the whites of two or three eggs and a cup or two of strong coffee. Sweet oil, taken freely, is another remedy.

ELLA HARRINGTON. Black navy blue, olive, and brown cloths are the best material, after velvet, for making ladies' cloaks. There are very many handsome styles of cutting talmas and cloaks this season.

MARVEL. The cost of registering a letter is 30 cents extra, besides the regular postage.

THEODORE VANDERBILT. The following fruits and vegetables may be raised as well as in the countries annexed to their names. Celery came from Germany; onions from Egypt; oats from Africa; the apple from Europe; but sunflower, from Peru; the peach from Persia; the Quince from Greece; the potato from Brazil; the chestnut from Italy; corn (maize) from North America.

MERCHANT. The present sterling of England is worth \$4.84 cents in American gold. The Doubloon of Spain is worth \$15.54 cents gold.

CAPTAIN H. The couplet:

"For those that fly my fight again,
Which he can never overcome,"

occurs in Butler's poem; but, the quotation to which you refer in your letter, is, doubtless, the following, taken from the *Musarum Delicia*:

"He that is in battle slain,
Can never rise to fight again;
He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

HARRIS HOWE. The discoverer of the circulation of the blood in the human system, was Harvey, and he met with considerable persecution on account of his theory. Almost all discoverers of essentially great facts, have been persecuted for their reward.

LABORER. Coffee is the best stimulant as a drink for laboring people, and black tea for persons of sedentary habits. Tea, however, in Great Britain is almost the sole home drink (after beer) of the laborer and artisan. There is something mysteriously life-sustaining in tea, as a physical agent.

FARMER, of Rochester. Vegetable seed that may be sown in this latitude from the middle of March to the end of April, the thermometer averaging 45 degrees are: peas, beans, lettuce, celery, onion, cabbage, spinach, turnip, peas, cauliflower, radish, etc. Seed that may be sown in this latitude from the middle of May to the middle of June, the thermometer averaging 55 degrees, are: corn, sweet corn, melons, squash, tomatoes, okra, pumpkin, cucumber, etc., etc. Nothing is gained by too early planting. Not only do the seeds rot in the cold ground, but, even when they vegetate they make very little progress in growth until "growing weather" comes. All the lower seeds a host will hold until the ground is really warm. Very few flower seeds, indeed, can be safely planted before May 1st; the most are far safer out of the soil until May 20th.

MICHIGAN. A hotel, "kept upon the European plan," means without regularly furnished meals, as is the custom in Europe. A guest of a hotel, so kept, can take a room at a stated price, and get his meals whenever he desires.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

ANOTHER.

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR, JR.

Another little stranger.
New come, unnumbered in
A weary world of sorrow,
Of selfishness and sin.

Another mother's blessing,
Sent her from Heaven above;
Another darling something,
To live for and to love.

Another happy father,
Glad with another son;
Another small foundation,
To build four hopes upon.

Another loose-tongued baby,
To prattle and to chatter;
Another pair of plump feet,
Or the floor to patter.

Another tiny blossom,
To bloom into a flower;
Another guileless victim,
To guard in sin's dark hour.

Another earthly treasure,
To keep with joy and pride;
Another wayward wanderer,
In paths upright to guide.

Another infant sailor,
Shipped on the voyage of life;
Another valiant soldier,
To battle in the strife.

Another given emblem,
Of God's great love and grace;
Another one more added
To the vast human race.

A Little Episode.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"The widow Amber, eh? Well, Vivian, if you are in love with her, you are only following in the footsteps of every man who has been introduced to her. Isn't she *parfait charmant*, though?"

Will Vesey took the cigar from his lips as he spoke, and looked quizzically across the piazza at Fred Vivian.

He was a dark-faced, bright-eyed fellow, was Fred, and if the ladies generally, and Zella Amber, particularly, adored him, it was no fault of his.

Even young Vesey, as he watched the laugh gather in Fred's eyes, thought to himself that of all the applicants for the petite widow's favors, this sun-faced young fellow was the most likely to win them.

"Yes, Zella's beautiful and charming, and winning, and all that, I know, Vesey, my boy, but, on my honor, I'm not in love with her."

He spoke easily and curtly, knowing full well the surprise his words would cause. "Not in love with 'Diamond Eyes'! Are you invulnerable, Vivian? or—surely you are not going to commit yourself to Lulu Barnard?"

Fred smiled at the look of incredulous amazement.

"I shall not commit myself, Will, simply because the thing is done. Will you congratulate me—and Lulu?"

Just the least visible suspicion of contempt shone in Will Vesey's brown eyes, as he answered.

"It's not the first time I've heard of persons refusing the jewel and accepting the paste. But I do hope you'll be happy, old friend; yet, I must say, I think the chances would have been better had little Zella Amber been your queen instead of Miss Barnard."

"And I beg leave to differ. Only I would so like to know why you so dislike my gold-haired, violet-eyed Lulu. Isn't she beautiful? Isn't she lady-like? Isn't she refined and intelligent?"

"Undoubtedly; but—"

"Then what more would you have? I'm quite sure I prefer all these graces to the widow Amber's coquettish ways and languishing airs."

Fred was waxing indignant, and his rising wrath was not improved by Will Vesey's cool, deliberate reply.

"Now, look here, Vivian, while I explain my position. You needn't flare up and explode, prematurely—only wait till I tell you that I disapprove of Miss Lulu, with her 'golden hair'—is it 'brown in the shade,' by-the-by, Fred?—and her 'violet eyes' simply for the one reason that she is possessed of a certain trait of character that will make you both miserable."

"Indeed? May I be permitted to inquire what the deplorable characteristic is?"

The dark red color was deepening in Fred's cheek, and Vesey saw a resentful light in his eyes.

"Yes, I'll tell you," rejoined he, quietly ignoring the rancor he was so sorry to see. "Lulu, with all her charms, all her undeniable beauty, is of a fearfully jealous disposition, which, coming in contact with your hasty, self-willed temper—well, I wouldn't want to be around."

Will laughed, hoping to disarm Fred's suddenly-arisen vexation; but the cloud only lowered, and the angry brightness in his eyes did not die away.

After a pause Fred relighted his cigar, and went toward the open French window.

"I'm much obliged, Vesey, I'm sure, for your compliments to Miss Barnard. However, I assure you they can't shake my affection for her, or my dislike to your gushing widow."

Then he stepped off the veranda, and strolled down toward the lake.

It was a large, front room, nicely furnished, that overlooked the blue lake; and by the open window, making as fair a picture against the flushed sunset sky, as man ever gazed upon, sat Zella Amber, radiant in her witching loveliness of dusky-haired, star-eyed beauty. And yet, just at this moment, hardly "radiant," for, as by magic, the delicate sea-shell tint had fled from her smooth, round cheek, and a troubled expression had leaped swiftly to her eyes.

She had been so happy until just a minute ago; she had been thinking some unspeakably precious thoughts, and now, all of a sudden, those delicate dreams were rudely disturbed, and that, too, by him whom she had elected for her king.

Frederic Vivian's cold, sarcastic words had been borne to her ear the moment they left his lips—the mustached lips Zella had often longed to kiss, as she watched their frank smile and passionate pride of movement.

The tell-tale wind had carried his words, uttered for Will Vesey's ears alone, further than even Zella Amber's ears; they pierced her, to her very heart's core, and the passionate cry that fell almost involuntarily from her red lips, revealed the sweetest secret of her life.

Yes, she had been worshipping this ideal

hero of hers—this handsome, graceful-limbed Apollo, whose voice, that was, of all melody, the richest music in the world to her, had proudly declared he loved another—and of all others, that it should be Lulu Barnard—and not only did not love herself, but even disliked her—"a gushing widow!"

How these hard, cruel words rung and thundered in her ears, so that she sprang from her low chair by the window, and paced the floor in utter agony of soul.

She "a gushing widow!" ah! if he had but known! if all the world but knew of that marriage of hers with Croesus Amber, the man whose money had purchased her of a stepmother! the gray-headed man who had never given her one loving word, who thought diamonds a fair substitute for the husband's kisses, and pearls for his caresses.

Poor, poor Zella! She had been so heart-free when he died; she had been so circumspect for two long years, never once laying aside her mourning. Then, with all the glad freedom of a bird, escaped from its gilded cage, she had conscientiously gone forth into the world, determined and willing to both give and receive all the happiness possible.

It fairly scalded that tender, brave heart of hers that *he*, of all men, had applied such an epithet to her—*her*, who had been living but for him since they first met, three months back, at that quiet country resort; who had given him the freshest, earliest, and only love of her girlish heart—she, who had only counted the rose-petals drop a score of times—*she*, "a gushing widow!"

Very wearily she sat down by a back window, where the sounds of gay voices could not grate on her ear; and she tried to give him up to Lulu Barnard.

"Why, I thought everybody at the hotel knew it, Lulu. It is a patent fact to any close observer."

The lady that addressed Lulu Barnard was hardly prepared for the sudden, stormy tempest that sprang to her eyes—beautiful violet eyes they were, too, large and deep, white-lidded, and heavily lashed.

She had been sitting in an attitude of careless grace on a low, chintz lounge, in Mrs. Raymond's room, with her white Swiss wrapper, that was caught at the throat with a blazing diamond button, falling to the crimson carpet in a foamy billow of ruffles, and laces and filmy puffings.

Now she was on her feet, firmly planted by the window, and looking with snapping eyes down upon the well-filled circular promenade before the hotel front.

Mrs. Raymond had been gossiping lightly, on the different groups and couples as they loitered about, and had mentioned, quite casually, that "Mrs. Amber and Fred Vivian seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely."

Lulu had laughed it off; Mrs. Raymond insisted upon it, and then, had mentioned that the beautiful young widow was desperately "taken" with Lulu's lover; that it was common gossip, as witness his devotion—*no*, her attention to him, that very moment. And then, Lulu was on her feet in a moment, glaring down upon the two—on Zella Amber, who was wondering if she could ever give him up, and trying to be so distant toward him; at Fred, who was inwardly saying "the little widow was charming, after all," and chafing because Lulu was so long dressing.

And Lulu looked down; a tall, graceful girl, proud as a princess, passionate, and—jealous; feeling as though she could crush out those jewel-bright eyes that once in a while were raised to her Fred's so bewitchingly.

Her face grew almost ghastly in its pallor, and she clutched her white hands in a spasm of rage; but her voice was clear and natural when she addressed Mrs. Raymond.

"I'll go to my room and dress now, Julie. Perhaps I can break the charm down yonder."

But the smile that accompanied the words was very like the blaze of blue lightning over the edge of a thunder-cloud.

It came so suddenly that people were fairly stunned by the terrible report that was whispered about, with white faces and seared eyes.

People wondered how she *dared* do it—that awful deed whose name was murder; people went and looked at the blue lake, where Zella Amber had last been seen, in the dim dusk, earnestly talking with some one, a tall, black-robed woman who had disappeared so mysteriously.

They had searched for the body of petite, beautiful Zella, but the current must have borne its pitiful burden far seaward ere this; and people missed her arch, sweet face; her gay, ringing laugh, and remarked how lovely she had always been.

Along at first, no one dreamed the fearful truth; then, as if the name were whispered by a spirit of the air, crept among them the ghoully secret; how Zella Amber had been pushed into the water, purposely, by the tall woman in black, who had betrayed herself by a rosette from her dainty slipper when she fled from her victim's cries.

And the rosette was—Lulu Barnard's. But, before the news had become known, this sweetheart of Fred Vivian's, this first-hearted woman, had gone, and even he knew not where. Those were black days for him; and in the long hours he used to think and think about it all, and at last admitted to himself that the loss of Zella Amber was worse to him than Lulu Barnard's.

A fine, dark face, luminous with love and joy, a pair of tear-jeweled eyes, dark and tender; quivering red lips, where smiles were struggling.

That was the face Fred Vivian looked down upon, after he had kissed again and again its beautiful features.

"But to think we ever should have met after all; after those dreadful weeks of—oh, Fred, I must not talk of it!"

And Zella Amber laid her petite hands on his shoulder in such a gesture of perfect love and confidence. But his face ashen and grew sterner as the memories rushed over him, and then Zella's cheek leaned caressingly against his.

Let us never speak of it again, Fred, darling. Let it suffice that God's guiding hand sent the old fisherman's boat to save me, and that the same goodness has led us to each other at last."

And with her low, murmurous words of sweet thankfulness, Fred Vivian was content to forget all the bitter past; to forget the other beautiful one whose wild jealousy had well nigh shut her out of Heaven, and rest forever after in the sweet haven of Zella's love.

Laura's Peril:

OR,

THE WIFE'S VICTORY.

A STORY OF LOVE, FOLLY, AND REPENTANCE.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL.

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

ILL TIDINGS.

LAURA ROBSART was sitting in the reception-room of Rockledge, when Clowes, the waiting-woman, came to her with a wild look, exclaiming:

"Oh, my lady! the dreadfulest thing has happened down at the beach."

"Down at the beach?"

"Yes, my lady; the tall gentleman's drowned—washed ashore, my lady, stiff and stark."

"What tall gentleman? Not Mr. Nevin, is it?"

Laura was flushed and excited as she spoke.

"No, not Mr. Nevin; he is a deal too sharp to go paddling around at night in a leaky boat, and get upset in this dreadful way."

"Oh, please, Clowes, do tell me who it is they have found?"

"The Englishman, my lady—Mr. Rook!"

"Gilbert Rook—dead?"

Laura stared at the woman, as if she was determined to look her out of this fearful news, but poor Clowes only held her mouth wide open, and panted with the excitement of the occasion.

"Give me water—a drink," demanded the mistress, and mechanically the maid obeyed.

The water had a good effect, and Laura said, quite coolly:

"This is very unpleasant news, Clowes; but please don't trouble yourself with carrying such stories in the future—to me, at least. They are very disagreeable; they make me nervous. Where is your master?"

"In the library, my lady."

"Thank you."

She swept out of the room, along the hall, and surprised Elton, who had tried to read, but had given up the task, and felt to dog.

"Papa Robsart!"

He opened his eyes.

"Sleeping, eh? Pardon me. I thought you were sitting up."

She was turning away again, but he stretched out his hand, and caught her dress.

"Don't go," he said. "I would rather talk and look at you than sleep."

"Would you?"

She bent over and kissed him.

"You are always complimentary. I don't know really what I'd do without you."

She was purring about him like a cat—all soft, downy fur, and without claws.

"Cleave must have been very happy with you, Laura. He was kind, I hope?"

The woman's gaze sought the floor.

"Very kind!"

"You never quarreled, love?"

She hesitated an instant; then she responded with a little laugh:

"Oh, how silly!"

He was satisfied with the reply, and pressed the hand that lay in his so confidently.

"There was something very hot-headed about Cleave," he remarked, after a while, "that was hard to put up with at all times, but he could not fight with an angel. Poor boy!"

Elton Robsart heaved a deep sigh; and then Laura, anxious to change the conversation, said abruptly:

"I'm sick and tired of Newport, papa. When are we going back to Maryland?"

"When you please."

"Then let us go back to-morrow morning, or better still, we can go to-night, on the train."

"But that's so sudden, and running away in the night, too!"

"It will give us an opportunity to sleep the miles away," she urged. "I prefer night-traveling. Sitting all day in a car is so stupid."

He looked up, surprised.

"You seem to be in a great hurry, Laura. Has John Nevin been less devout, or—"

"I wish to get away from him," she interrupted. "You said you didn't like him, and didn't want him to come here any more. Now, the only way to get rid of persistent, polite people, is to run away from them."

"Do you think so?" He was pleased with her more than ever.

"Yes, I think so, because it saves talk, and worry, and explanation. I hate explanations."

She said this with force, and none within hearing could question that she meant it.

"You are right, Laura," he answered; "and matters shall be arranged just as you wish. We will leave to-night, at ten, if possible; if we can't be ready in time, we'll get off at five in the morning, sure."

That afternoon John Nevin came over to Rockledge, but the obsequious Clowes told him that Mrs. Robsart was ill, and could not leave her chamber.

He was not astonished at this; he expected Gilbert Rook's sudden death would impress her painfully, and it was partly for the purpose of cheering her up that he had walked over, in all the burning blaze of that pure day, and partly for the reason that he could not resist the glamour of her beauty, even for twelve consecutive hours.

"Tell Laura I called," he said, "and that I'll be over this evening to see her again."

He left a sprig of forget-me-nots for the supposed invalid, and started off toward the beach.

Laura Robsart watched him from one of the library windows, until he disappeared behind a pile of jagged rocks, and then she closed her lips tightly together, and murmured:

"Thus, one by one, the joys fade out of my life; thus it is that I'm ever sacrificing for others what is dearest to me, and no one ever repays the sacrifice, or thinks of giving it recognition. Whatever I love, seems to fade, as if my love was a horrid blight; whatever loves me, fades and perishes, like—like Gilbert Rook! Yes, yes! I must believe that I have the accursed brand stamped indelibly upon my brow, as it is seared into my memory—into my very soul. Oh, God! I have sinned—sinned most grievously, but I have suffered; I have made some atonement! I have not been wholly bad!"

She sunk upon her knees, and lifted her hands supplicatingly to heaven.

"Oh, Father of the wretched and sinful, as well as of the good and pure, do not let thy rod fall too heavily upon me! I'm not

strong; I can not bear my full meed of punishment; I'm but a woman, after all."

She crushed her face in her hands, and moaned aloud.

The noise of the servants, preparing to quit Rockledge, drowned the wail.

At ten o'clock on that same evening, Laura and Elton Robsart departed from Rockledge, in a close carriage. The old gentleman was drowsy, and leaned back on the soft cushions as the vehicle whirled along, past rows of cottages, and knots of strollers; past laughing ladies, and gay gallants. But Laura leaned out of the open window, and listened eagerly for every sound.

The carriage had to pause in front of the Ocean House, to allow a cluster of vehicles to discharge their burdens, and then Laura leaned back in the shadows, out of reach of the searching light.

George Dalby and Mabel were walking on the veranda of the hotel, talking about the sensation of the hour—Gilbert Rook's death—and the former said, all unconscious of Laura's near proximity:

"Most people condemn her, notwithstanding the prevalent belief that she gave him no encouragement. It's the way of the world, though; first the murdered man receives all the sympathy, and the populace demand blood on the old Jewish plea, which gives an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but, when the accused comes before the tribunal for trial—*presto* change! the tide turns in favor of the murderer; every extenuating circumstance is made the most of, and, if a court and jury withstand the current, and erect a scaffold, the culprit goes off the stage before a weeping auditory."

"But, I don't think she ever gave him any encouragement," said Mabel, warmly; "I think she is too good, too tender, to wound any person's feelings knowingly."

The driver cracked his whip, and the carriage rolled away out of sound of the voices, and Laura Robsart thanked God that Mabel Lynn—above all other persons in the world—thought well of her.

CHAPTER XII.

BENT ON VENGEANCE.

THE MOON, which was now a fortnight old, was hiding itself in misty, hazy wreaths, and sinking slowly into the waters of the wide Atlantic, as Sarah Rook, her form wrapped in a heavy black cloak, the cowl of which was drawn tightly over her head, stole out of a beautiful cottage to the west of the Ocean House, and hurried along the beach.

Before leaving her apartment, she had consulted her tiny jeweled time-piece, and found she had but a quarter of an hour to reach the place of assignment, and now she feared that she would be too late, and that the strange man would not care for waiting, and would go off with the precious secret and her diamonds.

The latter she could have easily spared, but the secret—the secret was worth all the wealth of Golconda to that dark woman, whose great deprivation made her incapable of entertaining but one feeling—and that was hate; a bitter, burning hate, such as she had never expected to bear toward any human being, but which, in those few hours, had grown so great as to seem to be a part of her nature.

"He will surely wait," she muttered, as she hurried along, panting and almost breathless; "he will not disappoint me—he could not be so cruel, after filling me with such hope. No, no; he will wait."

On, on, she flew; now sinking ankle deep in the sand, now stumbling along on the loose shingle; now falling heavily among the jagged rocks; now staggering to her feet again, and hurrying forward.

Her hands were cut, and the warm blood was trickling down from a wound near the knee; but she never stopped; she seemed not to know or care; there was no time to be lost, that was all she knew—all she thought of—as she sped along.

Presently she came in sight of the place of meeting. Her heart sunk within her. There was no rough man, nor, for that matter, no man of any sort, in view.

She slackened her pace and rubbed her hands on her dress.

"Perhaps he is a little late as well as myself," she muttered. "If I could not be punctual, who has so much at stake, why should he be?"

She was standing now on the very spot where, twelve hours before, Gilbert Rook lay dead.

"This is the stone that they put under his head," she said, kicking a small, round pebble with her garter; "and there is the mark of his body yet in the sand."

She smiled; but it was not a smile of joy, it was a smile that made her dark face look hideous in the sickly moonlight. It would have been less appalling, less terrible, to have heard her shriek out the bitterness and gall that were in her heart.

There was a crackle as of crunching sand, and the rough man stood beside her.

She started when she saw him; he had come so suddenly upon her.

"I thought you would never come," she said. "I'm tired waiting on you."

"I have been here this half-hour," he replied, "sitting behind the rocks there. I'm soaked with dew."

"Never mind the dew and the cold; this will be a good night's work for you. But, your name, man. What's your name?"

"Well, different names."

"What do you mean by different names?"

"I mean that sometimes I'm called one thing, and sometimes another. In Texas they called me Sam Blaize, and in California they called me Texas."

"Texas?"

"Just plain Texas. They had a way out there of calling a fellow by the place where he came from, you see; and, as I had come from San Antonio, they dubbed me Texas."

"But, your real name?"

"Is Blaize. Samuel B. Blaize."

"Very well, Mr. Blaize. You know this woman—Laura Robsart?"

"Well, yes; I reckon I know her pretty well; that is, I did know her in California."

"How many years ago?"

The man took off his hat, and scratched his head meditatively. "It would have been less appalling, less terrible, to have heard her shriek out the bitterness and gall that were in her heart."

"What do you mean by different names?"

"I mean that sometimes I'm called one thing, and sometimes another. In Texas they called me Sam Blaize, and in California they called me Texas."

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"But, your real name?"

"Is Blaize. Samuel B. Blaize."

"Very well, Mr. Blaize. You know this woman—Laura Robsart?"

Of course, Orrie was all animation. "Are you not afraid when we go so fast?"

"Afraid!" said Orrie, contemptuously. "No, I guess I ain't! I love to go fast!"

"You love a good many things—don't you?" said Jacquetta.

"Yes, I guess I do! There's Red Rock! Whose house are you going to?"

"Oh, yes; old Jake Briggs got his legs smashed off! I heard Kit telling Blaise it. Are you going to fix 'em for him?"

"I wish I could," said Jacquetta, as she leaped lightly off, and gave her hand to Orrie to spring, "but I am afraid that is beyond me. Come in."

A boy came out and took her horse, as though it were quite a matter of course to see Miss De Vere there. Jacquetta went in with Orrie to the cottage, where, on a bed, lay the prostrate form of the unfortunate Briggs—life almost extinct.

A woman was bending over him, crying and wringing her hands; four or five children were crouched round a smoky fire, in loud lamentations—some for their father, and some for pieces of bread.

Jacquetta's presence stilled them all for a moment—even the mother. A doctor had been sent for, and was expected every instant; so she turned to the children and quieted them by distributing unlimited slices of bread and butter, an unfailing cure generally for the afflictions of childhood. Orrie declined taking any, and sat with her black, effish eyes riveted, as if fascinated, on the distorted face of the maimed man.

Jacquetta strove to console the woman; replenished the smoky fire until it burned brightly; put the disordered room to rights, and made herself generally useful, until the arrival of the doctor. He came in about an hour—pronounced the case hopeless; spoke pleasantly to Jacquetta, and called her a good little girl; hoped she would make her uncle do something for the family; chucked Orrie under the chin, and inquired the latest news from the land of goblins; and put on his gloves and departed.

Noon approached, and Jacquetta was just trying her hand at getting dinner for the children, when the furious clatter of horse's hoofs brought her to the door; and she saw Frank panting, flushed, breathless, standing before her.

"Well, Master Frank, what now?" she demanded.

"Oh, Jack! you're to come right straight home! Uncle says so—he sent me after you! There's the old dickens to pay at Pontelle!"

Jacquetta looked at him in calm astonishment.

"Come right straight home? Why, what's wrong?"

"Don't know, I'm sure—every thing is! Old Grizzle Howlett's there, and old Nick Tempest; and uncle's in a regular downright state of mind, if ever you saw him in one!"

"What sort of a state of mind?"

"A blamed angry one! Come, hurry up! I shouldn't wonder if they were all assassinating one another by this time. Uncle told me not to say old Grizzle and Captain Tempest were there, but I couldn't hold in."

"Not to tell me? Really! Is—is Captain Disbrow there?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"He was, when I left! Come—make haste!"

"I will be back in a moment," said Jacquetta, hurrying in to get her hat, and take her departure.

Orrie, hearing Frank's voice, came out, to his great amusement, but a few words explained how she got there. And the young gentlemen swung her up before him, and announced his intention of carrying her off to Pontelle.

"Will you?" cried Orrie, delighted; "that's you! I want to see that nice captain again."

"It's the last time you'll see him, then, for one while," said Frank, "for he is going away to-day."

"Going where?"

"Oh! ever so far away! To a place called England—a small little island they have over there."

"And when will he come back?"

"Never, I expect," said Frank, sententiously. "So begin and tear your hair, and rend your garments as soon as you like."

Orrie's face grew so blank at the news, that Frank had to laugh; but at that moment Jacquetta mounted, and they both dashed off together.

"What on earth can they ever want with me, Frank?" she asked.

"How the mischief do I know. Something awful's up, I've no doubt!"

"And papa told you not to tell me they were there?"

"Yes!"

"Well, it's strange, I must say; but time will tell; and so I don't object to a small surprise."

And she laughed, and hummed:

"Romance for me, romance for me,
And a nice little bit of mystery."

"I rather calculate it won't be a very pleasant surprise when you do hear it," said Frank.

"Oh! Grizzle looked as if she meant mischief."

"She generally means that."

"And she and uncle had a long confab together in the nursery-room."

"Indeed?"

"And when he came in he looked like a thunder-cloud—like the picture of that old man in the library, you know—that old Roman brick that killed his daughter!"

"Perhaps it was something about August."

"Don't know—it might; but then, what can they want of you in such a tremendous hurry?"

"Very true! Well, there is no use troubling ourselves about it till we get there. Orrie, are you not afraid to go to Pontelle, and old Grizzle there?"

"No," said Orrie; "I must see the captain; and she may beat me if she likes; but I will!"

"What a lady-killer he is—eh, Jack?" said Frank, laughing.

"What do you want to see him for?" said Jacquetta, coloring slightly, and not noticing Frank's remark.

"Oh! I want to ask him to take me with him—he said, perhaps he would."

Frank laughed uproariously at the very idea of the thing; and then, as the rapid pace at which they went precluded conversation, they relapsed into silence and galloped swiftly along.

Some time in the afternoon they reached Pontelle. As they entered the hall they met Reynolds.

"I say, Reynolds," said Frank, taking him by the button, "are all the good folks in the parlor yet?"

"Yes, Master Frank."

"Is uncle there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nursing his wrath to keep it warm!" laughed Jacquetta, as she tripped along, and opening the parlor-door entered, followed by Frank and little Orrie.

CHAPTER XX.

A PROUD HEART CRUSHED.

"When I am cold, when my pale-sheeted corpse sleeps the dark sleep no venomous tongue can wake, List not to evil thoughts of her whose lips Have then no voice to plead."

—MARTIN'S BERTHAM.

THE group in the parlor had scarcely changed their position since the morning, except that Captain Tempest, overcome by the silence and watching, had fallen asleep, and now snored audibly. Luncheon had been served; for, even in his anger, Mr. De Vere could not forget hospitality; but no one had touched it save Grizzle and her companion. Mr. De Vere, with his arms folded across his chest, sat moodily in his elbow-chair, and Augusta and Jacinto still maintained their drooping, dejected position.

Jacquetta's keen eyes took it all in at a glance, and then advancing toward Mr. De Vere, she began:

"You sent for me, papa—"

"One moment, young lady!" interposed Mr. De Vere, sternly, sitting upright. "Do not speak, if you please—at least for the present—only in answer to my questions. Ah! how came this child here?"

Grizzle uttered an exclamation at the same time, as little Orrie entered with Frank; but that young lady paid not the slightest attention to either. Daring her bright, black eyes hither and thither until they rested on Disbrow, who was in the act of laying aside the book he had been reading, she darted forward, according to her usual fashion, flung her arms round his neck, and fell to kissing him rapturously.

Jacquetta, who had first started at her father's address, and fixed her clear, penetrating eyes full on his face, in calm surprise, now recovered herself, and said, quietly:

"If that question is addressed to me, I found her playing near the old inn, and took her with me to Red Rock, and from thence home, by her own desire."

"Home!" said Mr. De Vere, with a slight sneer. "How know you this is her home?"

"I did not say it was! She wished to see Captain Disbrow, and I brought her here to my home for that purpose."

"Ah! You are very fond of the child, doubtless?"

"I like her—yes, sir."

"You like her! Nothing more?"

"I do not understand you, papa."

"We will drop that title, if you please. Until certain matters are cleared up, I am not at all ambitious to hear it from your lips."

Two red spots, like twin tongues of flame, leaped to the cheeks of Jacquetta, and she passed her hand over her brow in a bewildered sort of way. Disbrow's face flushed, and he bit his lip till it was bloodless.

Augusta and Jacinto looked up, and fixed their eyes on Mr. De Vere in utter amazement. A smile and significant glance passed between Grizzle and Captain Nick.

Frank's eyes flashed, and even little Orrie, perching her head on one side, looked from one to the other, as if trying to understand what all this meant. Mr. De Vere's face was growing sterner and darker every moment; for, as she stood there before him, there was little difficulty in tracing the strong resemblance between her and Nick Tempest. Jacquetta was proud—too proud to let any one there present see how keenly she felt the insult; so, drawing her small, slight figure up to its full height, she bowed and said coldly:

"As you please, sir."

"I might not so much object to hearing it myself," said Mr. De Vere, in the same slightly-sneering tone he had before used—more galling to hear, by far, than an angry one would have been; "but there is another gentleman present who has a better claim than I to that dutiful title; perhaps he may be jealous at being robbed of his due."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Oh, fire away! Don't mind me," exclaimed Captain Nick, with a wave of his hand, "I shan't be jealous? All in good time, you know."

"Perhaps you understand now, young lady!" sneered Mr. De Vere.

"I do not, sir. May I ask you to explain?"

"This singular scene. What have I to do with these people?" And she pointed to Captain Nick and his lady-friend.

"Oh, come now, Jacquetta, my girl—or, Lelia, rather—you may as well leave off your airs at once. Old Grizzle's split, and so it's no use carrying things with a high hand any longer," said Captain Tempest, in a loud tone of voice.

"No, Jacquetta! It's too late; the play is played out," said Grizzle. "I have told Mr. De Vere all, and it is of no use for you to add any more falsehoods to the rest."

"And so you may as well strike your colors and surrender at once, my little friend!" said Captain Nick.

Jacquetta turned her flashing eyes from one to the other, and her small hands clenched as though she could have sprung on them both like a wounded panther, on the spot; but after a moment's scrutiny, her mood changed, and she turned away with a curling lip, as though she thought them unworthy of her notice.

"May I ask, sir," she repeated, turning almost imperiously to Mr. De Vere, "for an explanation of all this? Was I brought here to be publicly disgraced before a mixed crew like this?"

"Really, madam, you must be careful how you talk! If by the mixed crowd you mean these two worthy folks behind you, the term is slightly disrespectful to one of them at least," said Mr. De Vere.

"Heavens! will no one tell me what this means? Am I an idiot to be treated like this?" she demanded, with a passionate stamp of her foot.

"Why, I have just told you, my little duck!" said Captain Nick. "It means the fact in the fire; the cat's out of the bag; that you've put your foot in it; that you've got to the end of your tether; and old Grizzle, thinking you might beat the ropes, has given you a short pull up. I admire your pluck, upon my soul I do! and can see with half an eye you're your father's daughter, every inch of you; so you had better acknowledge the corn, and come to terms at once. I dare say it won't be pleasant, at first—more especially in that young gent's presence over there; but he'll know it sooner or later, so you might just as well drop your mask, and sail under your own flag for the future. You're a tip-top little brick, my girl, and I swan you ought to be a lady, in spite of the old saying that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. You remind me of a young colt, my dear," said the captain, with a touch of philosophy; and giving his arm a shove by way of directing attention to the perforation. "As soon as the bride and curb is first put on, after it has been allowed to run loose round the pasture all its life, it kicks up its heels and grows restive, and plunges, and struggles, and raises a devil of a row generally (saving your presence ladies and gents, for naming my friend in your company); but still it has to submit, and finally settles down into a capital beast of burden, in the long run. And so, my bright little flash of lightning, you will have to tame down to a common tallow candle, and burn under a shade at that; and you may as well come to terms now as ever."

All the time Captain Nick had been thus eloquently delivering himself, the clear, bright, penetrating eyes of Jacquetta had been fixed on his face—riveted there with such a steady, unwinking gaze, that when that gallant mariner had concluded, and, looking up, met the piercing, burning, fixed scrutiny, he gave an uneasy start, shifted in his chair, tried to stare back, but failed, and finally burst out again in a bullying tone:

"Oh, come, Jack De Vere! none of that! I can stand a good deal, but I never was acquainted with Job, and ain't much like him in disposition; so I'm uncommon apt to flare up when provoked! It's disrespectful, too, as the old gent over there told you a little while ago, and—"

"I beg you will not allude to me," said Mr. De Vere, haughtily. "With you, sir, I have nothing to do, and the seldomer you refer to me the better!"

"Captain Nick sprung to his feet in a rage."

"Why you damned old aristocrat! do you mean to say I'm not as good a man as any De Vere among you that ever had his head stuck on a pole over London Bridge as a traitor. I tell you my old cove! you'll find yourself in the wrong box if you attempt to bully me!"

"By heaven, sir! do you dare to speak to my uncle like this?" fiercely exclaimed Disbrow starting to his feet.

"Yes, my young grandee; and to you, too. Mind your own business, sir, and speak when you're spoken to. I have a little private account to settle with you, before you go home to see your dear Norma, and tell her you amused yourself making love to another man's wife all the time you were in America!"

There was something in the last words that struck them all dumb. With a low, irrepressible cry, Jacquetta reeled, fell on a sofa, with both hands clasped hard over her heart.

How well Disbrow knew that gesture now!

"Ah! you can feel—you can suffer! That bolt goes home to your proud heart, my lady!" said Captain Nick, triumphantly.

"Oh, my heart! what does all this mean?"

"Oh! will no one tell me?" cried Jacquetta, passionately. "What have I said—what have I done to be treated like this?"

"Ask that heart you have named. Let it disclose your guilt!" said Mr. De Vere, between grief and rage. "I should blush to speak it!"

Up to her feet she sprung, with the fearful bound of an aroused tigress—her eyes flashing fire—her lips and cheeks white as ashes.

"Guilt!—ashamed! Mr. De Vere, I command you to tell me of what I am accused!" she said, fiercely.

"What an actress was lost in you, Miss Jack!" said the captain, with a sneer.

"Now, Jacquetta, it's of no use," said Grizzle, in a wheedling tone. "You know just as well as he does what it means, and it is only a waste of good tragedy to rant and fire up like this. How often have you told me that you dreaded this day, and implored me on your knees not to tell what I have told? Calm yourself, and be reasonable. You may as well acknowledge your true father, and drop all this nonsense at once. It imposes on no one now."

"That's the chat!" said the captain.

She looked from one to the other, like a wounded deer with the hounds at its throat.

"Oh, my God! we are all sinners, and none more unworthy than I. But, what have I done to deserve this?"

There was a passionate solemnity in her tone that thrilled through every heart. Disbrow rose, as white as herself.

"This is base—this is unmanly—this is cruel! If she were on trial for life, she would be told her crime, and allowed to defend herself. Will you not give her the same privilege as a public malefactor?"

"She knows well enough it's all sham!" said Grizzle harshly. "She can play Persecuted Innocence to perfection!"

"Come! I'll ask her a question," said Captain Nick, in his bullying tone. "Right about face, Miss or Madam Jacquetta. Look at me—look at me well!"

"I am looking, sir!"

"Well, do you know me? Come, now, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! you do! Mark that, Mr. De Vere. Who am I, then?"

"Captain Nick Tempest—the greatest villain unhung!"

The answer was so unexpected—so completely different from any thing he had looked for, that the gallant captain sunk back in his chair, and stared at her, perfectly unable to utter a word.

Grizzle Howlett grinned horribly a ghastly smile of triumph over her old enemy, and muttered:

"Her father's daughter, indeed! Pluck to the last!"

And, Frank, who had hitherto stood a silent and wondering spectator, called out, delightedly:

"That's you, Jack; hit him again!"

Mr. De Vere's brow grew, if possible, a shade more stern than it had been before.

"Do you know to whom you are speaking, mistress? Let him be ever so great a villain, it is your duty to be respectful. If you think to raise yourself in my estimation by any display like this, you are greatly mistaken in me, young lady! I can not cease to forget as easily as you can, that there is a commandment which says: 'Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord shall give.'"

"I have not tried to raise myself in your estimation, Mr. De Vere. I never yet sued for the good opinion of any one, and I shall not begin now! Neither can I see how the command just quoted can apply to the present case in the remotest degree."

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"Do you mean to say," said Mr. De Vere,

rising to his feet, and sternly confronting her, "that you do not know that man?"

She leaned heavily against a chair.

"I mean to say no such thing, sir! I do know him quite as well as I am anxious to know him, or any one of his class!"

"Take care we are not better acquainted before long, my pretty little dear! Any one of his class, forsooth! To what class do you belong, if it comes to that, my high and mighty little princess royal?" sneered the captain.

"You prevaricate, young lady. Will you tell me in what relation he stands to you?"

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"You have!" said Jacquetta, in a ringing voice. "Deny it not! Tell all you know!"

"You have accused me of doing that already!" he said with a haughty bow.

"Then you have not told?"

"He only replied by a look. He would not answer such a charge."

"Ah! and I have wronged you! I am sorry! Will you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive."

"No! it is scarcely worth while stooping to forgive so lost a wretch as I. Shall I tell you what he saw, Mr. De Vere, since he will not?"

"As you please. It matters little."

"Jacquetta!" said the boy in a trembling voice.

"Hush! fear not! Then through the door of this boy's room he saw me kiss him!"

"Ah!"

"How very indiscreet of you to leave the door open," said Grizzle, with a laugh and a shrug.

Jacinto started up.

"Jacquetta, I will tell! I will!"

"Do, at your peril! Not one word, sir!"

"But—"

"Not a word! I will never forgive you if you do."

The boy hid his face in his hands with a groan.

"If you have anything to say, young sir, out with it!" said Mr. De Vere, sternly.

Again Jacinto started up.

"Oh Jacquetta, I must! It was my fault, and I will take the consequences. I will tell! I must tell! I can not bear to think I was the cause of—"

"You are the cause of nothing. In my guilt and my degradation I stand alone! From all blame you are free! You can say nothing that will free me from the crime of having such a father, such a mother, and such a child! I am the daughter of an outlaw and a villain, ruined and disgraced! Ruined and disgraced!—it has an ugly sound; but it is the truth, though I may never have spoken it before. Good-by, my friend; you at least, believe me innocent of one crime with which I have been charged, and that is something. Mr. De Vere, what next? I do not wish to trouble you but as short a time as I can. I await your command to go."

"It will come presently. Jacquetta De Vere, I am sorry for you."

"There is no need, sir. What does it matter?"

"What will become of you when you leave here?"

"I am a small girl, sir; and in the Potter's Field there is room for another wretch."

Some of the old love he had felt for her came back, as he saw that faint, cold smile.

"Oh! Jacquetta, why have you done this? Why were you so deceitful?"

"We will not speak of it, sir, if you please. I do not think I can quite bear it yet. Forget the past, and think of me as you have learned to do to-day."

"Jacquetta, was it for his home and wealth you married my unfortunate son?"

"I'd rather answer that question. You have already answered it to your own satisfaction; and nothing a confirmed liar, such as I am, can say, is to be believed."

"You were only a child then—a little child! Was duplicity born with you, Jacquetta?"

"Very likely, sir. You forget my mother."

"Ah, true!" His brow darkened again.

"And so you will go with this man?"

"He is my father, sir."

"Oh! you acknowledge it at last—do you? you unfeeling little minx!" growled the captain.

"Is the list of my crimes ended, Mr. De Vere?"

"When may I go?"

"As soon as you please. I will ring and give orders to have your things packed up."

"No, sir, you will not! Bared and penniless as I came to Fontelle, I will leave it. Good-by, Mr. De Vere; you were a kind friend to me always, and I shall pray God to forgive you for the wrong you have done me this day. He is more merciful than man, and perhaps He may forgive even so lost a sinner as I am."

Her voice trembled a little as she moved one step away.

"One thing further. Since this is my child, may she not come with me? Neither she nor I will ever trouble you again."

"No!" said Mr. De Vere. "My grandchild stay in Fontelle Hall!"

"I can not give her up so!" said, passionately—"she is all I have left to love! Orrie, I am your mother, will you not come with me?"

That pleading smile; that quivering lip—how pitiful they were to see!

"I am your grandfather, my child. If you will stay with me you shall live here and be a lady. You shall have every thing your heart can desire."

Orrie looked from one to the other, and then up at Disbrowe, on whose knee she still sat. His face was averted, but he held her closer in his arms.

"Will he stay, too?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mr. De Vere.

"Then so will I!" said Orrie. "I won't go!"

Something faded out of the face of Jacquetta—it could not be color, for she was deadly white; it was as if a flickering light had gone out from a lamp. She put one trembling hand up before her face without a word.

"The last unkindest cut of all," quoted Captain Tempest, touched in spite of himself.

"Ring the bell, Frank, and tell Reynolds to serve dinner instantly," said Mr. De Vere, coldly.

Jacquetta lifted her white face, and made a step toward the door. Captain Tempest, Grizzle, and Jacinto, rose too. No one else moved.

She reached the door; she paused on the threshold, her face worked convulsively, and she turned back with a great cry.

"I can not go like this! Will no one say good-by to me before I leave?"

"Certainly," said Mr. De Vere, "good-by. And in the future I hope you will learn to be true!"

"And that is all? And this is what I have loved so well? Oh! my heart! this is hardest of all! Augusta, Orrie, Disbrowe—silent all! And you, too, Frank," she said in a voice of sorrowful reproach. "And I trusted to you!"

There was a great sob from Frank, and the next moment he was over, holding her in his arms, and flashing defiance at all the rest.

"It's a shame! It's a blamed shame! It's a horrid shame! And I don't believe a word of it! They have no business to treat you so!" said Frank, with something like a howl of mingled grief and rage.

She smiled sadly.

"Then you do love me a little, yet, Frank?"

"Yes, I do! And I always will, too! I don't believe a single thing they said about you, and I never will believe it so long as I live—hanged if I do!"

There is something touching in a boy's grief—it is so honest and hearty, and outspoken, and comes so straight from the heart. It would have brought tears to Jacquetta's eyes if any thing could; but she had none to shed—she felt like a stone, yet with such a dreadful pain at her heart.

"Good-by, my dear Frank, my brother! And do not quite forget Jacquetta!"

Frank was sobbing away in good earnest. Jacinto had his hand before his eyes, to hide the tears that fell hot and fast. Augusta lay perfectly still—for a deadly sickness had seized her, and she had fainted, though they knew it not. Disbrowe sat like a figure of marble, with his face hidden in his hand and the long locks of his falling hair. Mr. De Vere was cold and stern as a Spartan father condemning his only son to death.

"Farewell to all!" said Jacquetta, gently, "who loved me once! Farewell to old Fontelle!"

She turned away. The rest went after her. There was a few moments' death-like pause, and then they heard the hall-door heavily closed, and something in each heart crashed with it. They knew then that Jacquetta—bright, beautiful Jacquetta, the gay, sunny household-fairy, had left Fontelle forever!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 87.)

Dora, the Seamstress.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

DORA ROMANE entered her little apartment, and proceeded to look at the work she had brought from her employers.

Her thoughts were far away as she unfolded the paper. She was thinking of Riley Sharpe, her lover who, morning before, left her side to pursue his art studies under the eyes of the masters in shadowless Italy.

His last letter told her that his task was finished, and that, ere long, he would take leave of the sunny land to clasp her to his heart and call her his bride.

Suddenly the caption of a paragraph caught her eye, and drove the color from her cheeks. It startled her because Riley's return was daily expected.

It was a long time before she could entrust herself with the contents of the paragraph, which ran thus:

"Sirs:—Three men reached the city yesterday around whom centers a vast deal of painful interest. They are the sole survivors of the Albatross, which sunk in mid-ocean, on the night of the 5th ultimo. The ill-fated vessel left Leghorn with the following list of passengers:—Riley Sharpe, artist."

But why conclude the paragraph, when the first name of the list caused the seamstress to sink to the floor with an agonizing shriek?

Her lover had sailed in the Albatross, and he slept beneath the ocean, for he did not appear among the survivors! It was a lamentable story that dwelt upon the lips of the trio. In mid-ocean the noble ship, carrying the stars and stripes at her mast-head, foundered, and carried down with her one hundred and four souls. Upon detached pieces of the vessel, the saved managed to pass the night, and were picked up by a ship the next day. They saw none of their companions afloat, and believed themselves to be the sole survivors of the terrible catastrophe.

This was the account the seamstress read, when she recovered from her syncope and became calm. Then she glanced at the heading of the journal, and discovered that it was a false issue.

"What?" she cried, "have the people known for a fortnight that Riley sleeps upon a bed of coral, while I dreamed of a life of unalloyed happiness as his bride? What binds me to life now?—what?—Nothing. Now I am alone in the world, alone, alone! I have pronounced that little word before; but it never sounded like it sounds now. Alone in the world—fatherless, motherless, brotherless, sisterless, and—friendless! My God, that word cleaves my heart. Yes, I am friendless, for has not his protection been removed? I will listen in vain for his coming step, and my eyes will gaze upon his handsome form on earth no more. He sleeps beneath the waves where I will sleep! Yes, where I will sleep, I say, for I will not live without his love—his kiss."

A saintly smile flitted across Dora's face as she lifted her eyes heavenward, and her lips parted and met again continuously, as if in prayer.

At last she turned from the table and glanced at the clock, which showed she was late upon entering the room. Then she stepped to the door, and, as her fingers touched the latch, her eyes took in the apartment and its simple appointments with a sad expression.

"Home of the toiler, farewell," she said, in a tremulous voice; "thou hast sheltered me many days now numbered with the past. I will not repose beneath thy humble roof to-night, but far beneath the cold waves that kiss the pier. I hope to slumber undisturbed until the archangel's trumpet shall summon me aloft. The bottom of the unfathomed deep is his bed; it shall be mine!"

Then she closed the door, hurried down the stairs, and stepped into the lighted street.

Since reading the terrible paragraph, which had broken her heart, one great desire controlled her. The world without her lost lover was a blank, in which life was unendurable. She would not live; she would die and sleep where he slept—beneath the waves.

After leaving the tenement she bent her steps toward the East river, and at last stood upon the pier at the foot of Dover street.

It was a beautiful night for one to depart from this tearful vale of ours, and launch into the great sea of eternity. Myriads of stars looked down upon the great city, and Astarte sailed among them with queenly mien. The air was cool, and the wind sported with Dora's dark tresses, which her lover had transferred to his glowing canvas.

Not a soul seemed to notice the friendless girl who stood upon the very edge of the pier, and looked down upon the moonlit water that seemed to kiss her very feet. She stood there in silence, until Trinity told the hour of nine. The last stroke had not ceased to vibrate upon the air, when Dora cast her shawl at her feet. Then her gaze pierced the blue of the sky, and she beheld the angels opening the jasper gates to let her spirit in.

"I am coming!" she cried; "angels, bear me to your happy homes beyond those dazzling worlds."

She spoke no more, but sprung from the pier, and kissed the cold waves that had received the form of more than one despairing girl before her.

But Dora the seamstress was not to die thus!

Scarcely had she touched the water when a man, who had followed her through many thoroughfares, reached the pier, and boldly and unhesitatingly leaped from it. He threw a strong arm around her, as she was disappearing beneath the waves, and with great exertion he regained the pier.

"Thank God!" he murmured, with much fervency, as he gazed upon the pallid features of the unconscious girl in the mellow lamp-light. "What drove her to this? Dora!"

Her eyes were slowly unclosing, as he uttered her name, and when she beheld his face she cried:

"Where am I? Oh, I recollect—the paragraph in the paper. The plunge into the water. I am in the eternal world, and, Riley, thou art with me."

"Yes, I am with you, dearest Dora; but you are not in the world of spirits."

"What!" she cried, almost fully recovered. "Riley do you not really sleep beneath the waves of mid-ocean?"

"Thanks to an overruling Providence, I do not, Dora," he answered. "For three days I fought hunger on a spar of the ill-fated Albatross, when an English vessel, bound to this country, noticed my signal and saved me. But an hour since I reached the city, and hurried toward your home. As I reached the corner of Rose and Franklin I caught a glimpse of your form hurrying ruinward. I was not certain that it was yourself, Dora; but I resolved to follow. I did follow, with what result I need not state."

Dora looked up into her lover's face, smiled through her tears which he kissed away, and then they left the spot.

Dora still lives in New York, the happy wife of Riley Sharpe, whose pictures are attracting universal attention.

Recollections of the West.

Red Cloud.

BY CAPT. BRUN ADAMS.

RED CLOUD is, in many respects, one of the most remarkable Indians alive. He can, even now, do more with his tribe than all the others put together.

One of the most prominent, and, for an Indian, most unusual traits of his character, is his strict sense of justice and fair dealing. I will tell an incident illustrative of this point, that came under my own observation.

A Canadian trader by the name of Godin, had, with a good deal of courage, established a little store, or trading shop, out in the Sioux country, away from any post or settlement where he would be likely, to obtain protection, trusting entirely to a system of fair dealing with the savages to make them his friends.

In a word, to become useful to them, and thereby avoid all trouble or danger. He succeeded admirably, and in the course of a year or two, the Indians throughout all that section would come to Godin for trade, in preference to any other.

The Canadian grew rich rapidly. He extended his store-rooms, and each year laid in a larger stock.

But you know that Indians cannot be trusted always. They are "powerful on-sar-tin," as Uncle Grizzly would say. And so the time came when Godin was rather rudely disturbed in his dream of prosperity.

It seems, that on one occasion, the favorite squaw of One Horn came to the store, and Godin, wishing to make a friend of so influential a personage, gave her one of a pair of really very beautiful looking-glasses.

Nothing of the kind had ever before been seen in the country, and the squaw went off in triumph.

Godin could have been well, but the Canadian overdid the thing by giving the other glass to the squaw of Buffalo Backs Fat, a rival of One Horn, for certain honors in the tribe.

You can guess the result.

The squaws fell to pulling each other's hair, the chief interfered, and each one of the partisans arrayed themselves accordingly.

Unfortunately, at that moment, Red Cloud was away with some of his warriors, and, seizing the opportunity, the opposing bands made a descent on the unhappy Godin's establishment.

He was the cause of the difficulty, and on him would they wreak their vengeance. Of course it was only a pretext to plunder, but it was a good one, they thought, and so at it they went.

Two days previous, myself, and three trappers, just out from St. Louis, had stopped at the trading post, and we were all in the building, when a young lad, who was employed there, dashed in, and said the Indians were coming, men, women, and children; that the warriors were in paint, and the squaws all armed with clubs, and the like.

He had been out looking up a stray mustang when he sighted them, as they did him, and at once gave chase.

They were afoot, and he was mounted, so got off easily.

Their effort to catch the boy looked bad, and we at once divined their intentions.

Godin asked us if we would stand by him, and, on being assured that we would, we all went to work barricading and fixing generally for a hard fight.

We hadn't more than got the doors and windows, all of stout timber, and bullet-proof, closed, before they appeared over the swell in front, and came right on, as if in earnest.

There was at least thirty warriors in the party, and the Lord knows how many women and half-grown children, or boys.

These were the ones we dreaded most, for nothing could pacify them so long as there remained a chance for plunder or devilry.

The affair was opened by a speech from One Horn, who had his squaw, holding the remnant of the looking-glass in her hand, standing by his side.

A little way off, Buffalo Back Fat and his squaw, who, likewise, held a piece of the fatal mirror.

The two women were glaring at each other like tigers.

The palaver was long, and, although

things looked very threatening, it afforded us the greatest amusement.

The sum of the whole thing was, that Godin had caused strife in their camp, and he must now pay for it.

"How much?" demanded the trader.

"All got," said One Horn, opening his arms and sweeping them around.

"We could hear a hum of gratification buzz round the half-circle at this announcement."

That set the little Canadian mad, and, if hadn't stopped him, he would have dropped the chief in his tracks.

I might as well have let him alone, for he had it to do a little later.

They talked and palavered until the Indians got mad in turn, and we saw them preparing for a charge.

You see, they thought that Godin was alone, none of us having yet spoken.

The women and children fell back out of range, and then the warriors, most of whom were drunk, came, whooping and yelling down on us like a living avalanche.

Godin took One Horn, and we those who were most convenient. Five fell at the seemingly single discharge, so closely had we fired together, and the balance, thoroughly amazed, dropped back to deliberate again.

But their blood was up, and they came again, and this time in savage earnest.

Three fell this time, and the next instant they were at the door with their tomahawks, and a heavy log they had picked up.

We fired, as chance afforded, but with little success.

The door was giving way, and pretty soon they would be in on us.

We loaded up, pistols and all, drew back against the wall opposite the door, and waited until it should fall.

Half a dozen more blows, and it would have done so, when at once the racket ceased.

We heard a subdued murmur, then the quick rattle of hoofs on the hard prairie, and lastly, a clear, ringing voice, speaking loudly and rapidly in the Indian tongue:

"Zee-ee, Red Cloud, by ear! an! we are save!" exclaimed the Canadian, springing to a loop-hole and looking out.

We each sought a hole, and, applying our eyes, beheld a remarkable scene.

The great chief had come upon them unexpectedly, catching them in their rascality, and they were now slinking about like a party of whipped curs.

By Jove! but the chief was splendid in his rage! He was the maddest man I think I ever saw, and at one time I fancied that he would use his weapons.

Jumping down from his mustang, he came to the door, which Godin quickly opened, stalked into the room, and silently extended his hand to each in turn.

Finding that no harm had been done, save to the battered door, he expressed much gratification, and assuring the Canadian that the like should not occur again, turned on his heel and went out.

The dead were gathered, and the band, with the exception of a dozen warriors, took up their march back to their village, well loaded, but not with plunder.

Red Cloud remained with the others, and by night, he had made them hew out timber enough to make the door good again, and then, without a word left, driving the disgraced warriors ahead like so many cattle.

The best part of the whole thing was, that nothing could ever induce Godin to sell another looking-glass.

He had had enough of them, he said.

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SLIPPERY.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

The snow has lain for many days,
Beneath a thousand feet,
The walks are trodden hard and smooth,
And slickened o'er with sleet.

You've got to walk with so much care,
You look just like a clown,
And somehow, when my feet go up,
My body will come down.

Indeed, these are the slippery times,
That Scripture speaks about,
You've got to keep your secret close,
For fear of slipping out.

I had to get my tongue rough-shod,
It made so many slips,
And many a slip is also made
Between the cup and lips.

A man was owing me a sum,
Not much, but large enough,
He, in the general smoothness, ac-
cidentally slipped off.

Burglars are slipping round o' nights,
The slickness is supreme—
I have to grasp the fence lest I
Slip off my slippery theme.

The Island Girl's Story.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

The bark *Wendel*, Captain Turner, sailed from New York for the East Indies, and was not heard of until two years later.

Then the captain appeared, to state that his vessel had gone down with all on board in the South Pacific. He was the only man out of all that bark's crew who was saved to tell the tale. After drifting about for three days and nights, clinging to a spar, he had been, he stated, picked up by a Russian craft.

As soon as possible, after beating about from port to port, he had returned home.

A widow, named Brandon, who had had a son as cabin-boy aboard the fated ship, learned that her little Charlie had perished with the rest.

Her only consolation now was her beautiful daughter, Mary, a young woman of eighteen. But the captain, in telling his sad story to the widow, had seen this girl, and determined to make her his wife. Her blonde beauty had fascinated him. He called daily to bask in the sunshine of those blue eyes.

The captain was a young man of twenty-four—a singular-looking personage, almost as dark as a mulatto, with black, piercing eyes, which Mrs. Brandon said she did not like. The young man, even while in Mary's company, would often fall into fits of moody reverie, and would sometimes start when she appeared suddenly before him.

Mary rather liked him, although, at times, an involuntary shudder would pass over her when she encountered the steady glance of his dark eyes.

At times she would even feel strangely uneasy before him.

Nevertheless, she persuaded herself that she loved him, and at length she consented to become his wife.

They were married, after which the moody fits alluded to became more frequent with the captain.

Sometimes he would frown upon Mary, when he thought she did not see him; but he was most always detected, and the bride would then throw herself into his arms, asking him if he was already getting to hate her.

"Hate you? No, indeed," Turner would answer. "I have a habit of frowning when I am thinking."

"When you are in trouble, you mean," said Mary, on one of these occasions. "Oh, why not let me share your troubles?"

He turned deadly pale, and drops of perspiration gathered on his brow.

"You?" he gasped. "No, no! I—I am not in trouble!"

He then changed the subject hurriedly, and with a manner so startled that his young wife was frightened.

At length Turner was appointed to the command of the ship *Canton*, bound to the East Indies.

"I will go with you," said Mary. Turner reflected long, ere he answered: "I think you had better not."

She pleaded so hard, however, that he finally consented. Nevertheless, he looked troubled and uneasy.

Preparations were soon completed, and away went the *Canton*, bowing seaward.

Mary regretted to discover that her husband was rather harsh with the men. She perceived that he was no favorite aboard—not even with his officers.

This, however, only made her cling all the more closely to him, and endeavor, by every means in her power, to soothe his moody temper, which had become worse than ever since he sailed.

For whole days he would scarcely speak to his wife, and often in the still watches of the night, she would hear his troubled footsteps on the quarter-deck, above her head.

In a few months the ship had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and was speeding on before a fair wind.

Suddenly, however, the wind hauled ahead, and the ship was caught in a current, which carried her slowly, yet steadily, towards an island not many miles distant.

Upon this island the captain would now and then level his glass, in a nervous, uneasy way, which did not escape the attention of his officers.

"Don't think we'll drift ashore, there, sir," the mate at length said to him; "we can get a good offing with the boats, if there should be no other way."

"Ay, ay," answered Turner, briefly; "perhaps so."

He went down into the cabin, and was carefully consulting his chart.

Mary remarked that he was deadly pale.

"Do you not feel well, William?" she inquired.

"Hush! I don't bother me!" he answered, harshly.

She shrunk away, in tears, and Turner soon after rose, and began pacing the cabin deck, hurriedly.

"What ails you? Will you not tell me?" inquired Mary, gently.

"Away!" he exclaimed, glaring at her and grinding his teeth, "away! I cannot bear the sight of you!"

Mary sunk upon the lounge, and buried her face in her hands, while her husband went on deck.

Soon the ship was within a league of the island, and Turner, with trembling hand, stood by the mainmast looking through his glass, when his mate exclaimed, "Here comes a canoe!"

The canoe was soon alongside, containing a tall, handsome island girl, whose only attire was a piece of cloth around her waist, and a string of beads about her neck.

The captain started the moment he saw her, and shook like an aspen.

She came aboard. Her eyes and the captain's met ere he could draw back.

She uttered a wild exclamation.

"Ho! What me see! man as kill poor boy, years ago on island. Strike dead with fist!"

"It's a lie!" screamed Turner; but all the officers had heard the words, and many suspicious glances were directed toward the captain.

"Let me see!" continued the girl; "he call—Charl—Charl—Bran—Brandon—Charlie—Brandon! dat's it!"

A shriek was heard, and Mary, who had come up, fell senseless to the deck.

"This matter must be looked into," said the mate.

He consulted apart with his officers and the island girl, when it was unanimously resolved to put the captain in irons.

This was done, after which the mate went ashore with the island girl, who showed him where Turner had buried little Charlie Brandon. The sand was scooped away, and the skeleton of the boy was really found.

So great was Turner's excitement, that symptoms of apoplexy soon ensued. He died three days after his arrest, but not until he had made a full confession of his guilt.

When the *Wendel* went down, he and little Brandon, clinging to a spar, had drifted to this island. Subsequently the boy had said something which, offending the quick-tempered skipper, he struck him over the temple with his fist. The island girl had seen him do the deed, and had run away to inform her people.

While she was gone, Turner threw Charlie into a hole in the sand, and quickly covered his body, took to a canoe, and escaped out to sea.

There is little to add. The shock to poor Mary, on learning that her own husband had killed her little brother, was so great as to temporarily unsettle her reason. She recovered, however, but was a mere shadow of her former self.

She now resides with her mother, and many are the pitying glances directed toward her, whenever her bowed form, sunk-in face, and hollow eyes are seen in the public streets.

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weeks afore ev'rybody in ther gulch looked a heap cleaner nor they did afore they kem.

"But Lordy! What a lot uv trouble them creeters did make in that section.

Why, afore a month hed passed, they hed half the boyees a-growin' an' cussin' at one another, an' swarin' they'd do this an' thet to somebody else, an' sich, till me an' 'Lige got disgusted, an' determined to cut sticks, an' drive our meggs sumwhar else.

"You see, wives war scarce out thar et that time, an' ev'ry feller wanted to git him one ennybody else. Well, seein' thet fifty-odd stout, healthy chaps couldn't marry the wimmin, they got, es I sed, a-quarrelin', an' out kin six-shooters an' scalpers redly fur work."

"One arternoon 'Lige kem, an' sez he: 'Thar's a goin' to be a fandanger down to Mobley's ranch, to-night. Goin'?"

"Sartin', sez I.

"Thar'll be fun," sez 'Lige. "Them ere wimmin'll be thar."

"Ef they be," sez I, 'thar'll be somebody hurted afore mornin', an' 'Lige, over thar, sed he reckined."

"I jess did," out in that individual.

"Well, arter sundown, 'Lige an' me lit out, an' fetched up at Mobley's, whar the fun war a-goin' on."

"Thar war them two creeters, a-cavortin' and sloshin' around, an' the fellers all a-scowlin' an' grittin' ther teeth at one another, jess like a lot of mad peccaries."

"Shore enuff, as 'Lige sed, thar war a lot uv fun, an' as I sed, it warn't long afore somebody's six-shooter cracked, an' a feller bumped up, an' rolled over, apparently es ded es a gun barl."

"Twar one uv them fellers es we hed took fur Englishers, an' dang my ole leathers ef I didn't say at ther time, and thought it, too, thet it war his pardner es hed drapped onto him on the sly."

"It kinder bustud ther fandanger, an' purty soon me an' 'Lige lit out fur home."

"Next mornin' we up stakes, and sot out prospectin' fur a place as warn't so cussed crowded as the gulch war a-gittin' to be."

"Now, boyees, hyar kems ther quare part uv this here yarn, an' it's true, ev'ry durned word of it—hain't it 'Lige?"

"I jess ar," sez 'Lige's ready indorsement.

"Fur more'n two months 'Lige an' me

went s'archin' around fur a good place, an' at last we lit onto it, in a kind uv valley, purty high up, an' cussed hard to re'ch at thet."

"Hyar we did fust rate, an' ther way we buckled to, it war a caution. Don't know es enny uv yer youngsters ever tried it on, but, I tell you, it'll make a wooden man work like a hoss, when he sees ev'ry shovel ful uv earth he turns, a-sparklin' w' the shiny stuff."

"One evenin' me an' 'Lige war a-settin' on the rock, lookin' down ther trail es led down the mount'n, when we sees a cuple uv chaps a-pullin' up, travelin' slow like, es ef 'twar a leetle too much fur 'em."

"When they kem a bit closer, we see thet one on 'em war helpin' t'other one along."

"Not wantin' enny more company, 'Lige an' me dodged ahind a big dornick, an' lay thar watchin' these here two chaps."

"Purty soon I heard 'Lige say: 'Englishers, an', shore enuff, thar war them same two chaps as we knowed at the gulch. We knowed then, what war the matter w' the sick feller. Yer see he hadn't yit got over the dose t'other chap, or some chap, hed guv him at ther dance."

"Well, they kem stumblin' an' blunderin' along, an' durn my cats ef they didn't jess squat right onto ther big rock ahind which me an' 'Lige war ambushed."

"I war on the p'int uv raisin' up an' sayin' somethin', when 'Lige gripped my arm, an' tole me to lay low."

"Less see what ther cusses ar arter," he sez.

"I'm played, Jim," sed ther sick chap, as he drapped onto ther rock. 'The string ar' cut, an' the stick won't float much longer."

"Now, look a-here, pardner," sez t'other chap, 'thet kind uv talk ar all in me eye. Yur hain't dead yit, by a durn sight."

"No go, Jim. I reckon I know when the clunk ar' about under, and I tells yur—"

"You git out, sed the live chap."

"Yer Jim, so I will. But, see hyar, Jim, afore I do yer go, I'd like powerful to know ther chap as give me the blue pill thet night, down at ther gulch."

"Didn't 'ee never guess who 'twur'?" axed Jim.

"Nary oncet. How ther blazes could I tell when the durned shunk shot me from ahind," said the dyin' feller.

"Ar yur sartin yur a-dyin'?" sed Jim, lookin' at t'other one hard.

"Yer know I be, Jim," he sez. "I won't last a quarter longer. Ef yer knows who 'twas, tell a feller, as is dyin', Jim, an' keep all ther dust fur yer own shar'."

"Ar yur gettin' weakly, pardner?" axed Jim.

"Weaker nor a cat, Jim," he sed.

"Well, pardner," sez Jim, a-movin' a lee-

tle ways off, 'seein' yur a-dyin' an' as weak as a cat, I don't mind a-tellin' yur who 'twas as plugged yur down at ther gulch."

"Yer Jim, go on, sed t'other 'un, in a monstrous weakly voice."

"Well, pardner, yur know as how we've been a-pullin' together fer nigh two year, an' we hev cached a power uv stuff atween us, hain't we?"

"We hev, Jim."

"Yer, a good bit, but thar warn't enuff fer two, an' so I thinks what a lot of good it'd do one feller; an' then, pardner, fearin' thet half warn't enuff, an' yur mount come to want, an' the like, I plugged yur down at the gulch, so's to put yur out uv yur misery."

"Thet's what ther cuss sed, a-settin' on thet rock alongside ther dyin' feller. Didn't he, 'Lige?"

"He jess did," answered 'Lige.

"Well, Jim, yer shot mighty close, sez ther sick chap, a-gettin' up off'n ther rock."

"Yer shot close, Jim, an' twar a kindly turn. Yer it war, Jim, but yur botched ther job so sed he blamed bad, thet I b'leve I won't die jess yet, Jim, an' to put in the time, I'm a-goin' fer yur skull."

"While thet dyin' feller war a-speakin' ther last words, he hed got out his six-shooter, an' afore 'Lige or me could raise up, or holler fa'r play, ther pistol cracked, an' over Jim tumbled."

"Seein' the damage war a'ready did, we laid low, an' watched thet dyin' feller as he walked off down ther mountain, till we lost him in the timmer below."

"We jess did," sed 'Lige.

"We do not find any mention of an organ before the year 757, when Constantine Cyprianus, Emperor of the East, sent to Pepin, King of France, among other rich presents, a musical machine, which the French writers describe to have been composed of pipes and large tubes of tin, and to have imitated sometimes the roaring of thunder, and sometimes the warbling of a flute. A lady was so affected on first hearing it played on, that she fell into a delirium, and could never afterward be restored to her reason."

In the reign of the Emperor Julian, these instruments had become so popular that Ammianus Marcellinus complains that they occasioned the study of the science to be abandoned.

Neither the name of the harpsichord, nor that of the spinet, of which it is manifestly but an improvement, occurs in the writings of any of the monkish musicians who wrote after Guido, the inventor of the modern method of notation. As little is there any notice taken of it by Chaucer, who seems to have occasionally mentioned all the various instruments in use in his time. Gower, indeed, speaks of an instrument called the cithole, in these verses—

"He taught her, till she was carterne,
Of harp, cithole, and of cithole,
With many a tune, and many a note."

CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

And by an ancient list of the domestic establishment of Edward III., it appears that he had in his service a musician called a cytteler or cytteller. This cithole (from *cithola*, a little chest) Sir John Hawkins supposes to have been "an instrument resembling a box, with strings on the top or belly, which, by the application of the tastatura, or key board, borrowed from the organ and sackb, became a spinet." Of the harpsichord, however, properly so called, the earliest description of it which has been yet met with occurs in the "Musurgia" of Ottomano Luscinus, published at Strasburgh in 1536.

The most celebrated makers of violins have been the Amatis, Stainer, and the two Straduaris: but few particulars have been handed down to us respecting them; nor is this surprising, considering that their celebrity is owing, in a great degree, to time, by which alone their works have been brought to perfection. An Amati is a phrase often in the mouths of amateurs, without their being perhaps aware that there were four makers of that name, viz.: Andrew, the father; Jerome and Antony, his sons; and Nicholas, Antony's son. The handsomest Amatis are those made by Jerome. All these individuals, as well as the two Straduaris, belonged to Cremona; and hence that other phrase, by which, in order to designate a violin of the first order, it is called a genuine Cremona. Of the visible characteristics of the works of these different artists, the most prominent are these.

The Stainer violins, compared with the Amatis, are high and narrow, and the box more perpendicular, and are shorter; there is also a kind of notch at the turn. The Straduaris violins are of a larger pattern, particularly those of Antonio the son, and have a wider box than the Amatis, and longer sound holes, which are cut at the ends very sharp and broad, with a little hollow at that end which other makers cut flat. The varnish of the Amatis and Stainers are yellow, as well as those of Straduaris, the father; the son's varnish is red.

Of the audible characteristics, surely of the most importance, though too frequently a secondary consideration, generally speaking, the Amatis have a mild and sweet tone; the Stainers, a sharp and piercing tone; and the Straduaris, a rich, full tone.

The invention of the piano-forte has formed an era in the art of music. It has been the means of developing the sublimest ideas of the composer, and the delicacy of its touch has enabled him to give the lightest shades, as well as the boldest strokes of musical expression.

The first piano-forte was made by Father Wood, an English monk, at Rome, about the year 1711, for Mr. Crispe, the author of "Virginia." The tone of this instrument was much superior to that produced by quills, with the additional power of producing all the shades of *piano* and *forte* by the fingers; it was on this last account that it received its name.